

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—JUDICIAL OATHS.

"Swear not at all:" containing an exposure of the needless-ness and mischievousness as well as anti-christianity of the ceremony of an oath: A view of the Parliamentary recognition of its needlessness, implied in the practice of both Houses: And an indication of the unexceptionable securities by which whatsoever practical good purpose the ceremony has been employed to serve, would be more effectually provided for: Together with proof of the open and persevering contempt of moral and religious principle perpetuated by it, and rendered universal in the two Church of England Universities, more especially in the University of Oxford. By JEREMY BENTHAM, ESQ., formerly of Queen's College, Oxford, A. M. London, 1817.

2. *The Oath a Divine Ordinance and an Element of the Social Constitution: Its origin, nature, ends, lawfulness, obligations, interpretations, form and abuses.* D. X. JUNKIN, A. M., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Greenwich, N. J. New York, 1845.

Two works upon the same subject can hardly be found in the whole range of literature more diverse than those of Bentham and Junkin upon oaths. Their very titles are antagonistic, their objects opposing. The conflict is in the beginning, in the middle, and in the conclusion. Not less striking is the antagonism of their respective authors. The one is a free-thinking reformer, fearless and unyielding. The other is a conservative, rigidly orthodox and fearful of all change. One

might as well mingle oil and water, and we will not attempt the commixture. Yet these works are both of value as affording the means of readily weighing the opposing considerations which affect the subject, and we propose to make free use of their contents in what we are about to offer.

It is a noticeable fact, that in the earliest stages of civilization the belief of the special interference of the Deity in the affairs of men, is a prevailing and all but universal idea. Man, it was thought, by certain mystic forms and hallowed ceremonies, could compel the interference of the Divinity either to establish innocence, or to detect guilt. Hence came ordeals and trials by battle and by lot; hence the belief that by the eating of bread, or the drinking of water, by walking barefoot over burning ploughshares, by thrusting the hand amid poisonous serpents, or throwing the accused, bound hand and foot, into the water, amid prayers and the imposing forms of antique superstition, that God would manifest the truth by a miraculous violation of the laws of Nature. So extensively diffused was this idea, that it was alike believed by the polished Athenian on the banks of the Ilissus, the stern Israelite amid the hills of Judea, the African dwelling under the burning heat of the torrid zone, and the Scandinavian worshipper of Thor or Odin, amid the fastnesses of the North. All nations, barbarous, or just emerging from barbarism, have resorted to the Divinity for the decision of disputed questions with somewhat similar ceremonies, and undoubtedly with like success.

Part and parcel with ordeals, whether of bread or of water, of poisons or of ploughshares, whether of Grecian, Jewish, Hindoo, or Scandinavian form and origin, based upon the same principle, involving the same leading idea, is the oath by which divine vengeance is imprecated upon falsehood, and, by the use of which ceremony, if it be effective, the Deity is, specially and for that cause, bound to inflict the requisite and appropriate punishment, in case of its violation. As the analogies traceable amid the radical words of different languages all point to a common origin, a primal language, so the innumerable resemblances discernible amid the elemental forms of jurisprudence, among nations diverse in their local habitations, with varying customs, and sympathies, and languages, would equally seem to indicate a common source, from which at some point of time, now uncertain or lost in the darkness of a remote antiquity, they originally sprung.

The oath, either assertory or promissory, is found among all nations, with the exception of those so barbarous as to have no conception of the existence of a God. Its antiquity seems almost coeval with man's existence. Indeed, according to classical mythology, its antiquity is still greater; for as the Gods and Goddesses swore more or less according to the emergency of the case, after, so it is fairly inferrible, that they did before his creation. At any rate the custom reaches back to the earliest recorded history.

"An oath is a religious asseveration, by which we either renounce the mercy, or imprecate the vengeance of Heaven, if we speak not the truth." Oaths have usually been divided into promissory or oaths of office, and assertory or oaths uttered judicially or extrajudicially, for the purpose of compelling truth on the part of the witness, and enforcing belief on the part of the hearer.

So extravagantly profuse and wasteful is the use of oaths amongst us, so utterly at variance are they with the command, "Swear not at all," so powerless are they for all good, so potent for much evil, that we have thought it might not be uninteresting briefly to notice the purposes for which, and the occasions upon which they have been in use, their different forms and ceremonies, the various punishments for their violation, the theory which justifies and requires their adoption as a sanction for truth, and their real force and efficiency in the administration of judicial affairs.

In the earliest records of the Jews, we find not only oaths but the very form of the uplifted hand, which is every day witnessed in court. It is the form adopted by the Deity: "I lift up my hand to Heaven and say, I live forever." To swear and to lift up the hand, are indifferently used as translations of the same Hebrew word. "The Lord lifted up His hand to the House of Israel," or "sware," as is subjoined in the margin. So in Revelations, "the angel which I saw, lifted up his hand to Heaven, and sware by him that liveth forever, who created Heaven and the things that therein are, and the sea and the things that therein are, that there should be time no longer."

The person to be sworn did not pronounce the formula, but the words of the oath were repeated to him, or, when heard, he ratified them by uttering the words "amen, amen;"—thus imprecating upon himself the curse. The most solemn oaths were taken amid sacrifices, the person who imposed the

oath dividing the victim, and the person took it passing between the divided parts, with an imprecation, expressed or understood, to the following import: "May God do to me if I am perjured, what has been done to these victims, or punish me still more, in proportion to his greater power."

The first instance of a judicial oath is to be found in Exodus, xxii. 10, 11; where, in case of the loss of animals, delivered by one to his neighbor to keep, and they die, or be hurt, or driven away, no man seeing it, it is decreed, that "then shall an oath of the Lord be between them both, that he hath not put his hand unto his neighbor's goods; and the owner of it shall accept thereof, and he shall not make it good."

Perjury, by the Mosaic law, was not an offence against the civil law; to God alone was left its punishment. The civil magistrate had no jurisdiction of the offence, except in the case of a false charge of crime, when the punishment for the offence charged, was to be inflicted upon the person falsely charging it. The perjurer might expiate his guilt, by making the prescribed and predetermined trespass offerings. The misunderstanding or misinterpretation of this, may in later times have led to the doctrines of absolution, and the sale of indulgences; for it is difficult to perceive much difference in principle, whether the offerings, made to escape the punishment of the Deity, be in certain specific articles, or in certain money payments.

The form among the Greeks was by lifting up the hand to Heaven, or touching the altar, adding a solemn imprecation to their oaths, for the satisfaction of the person by whom the oath was imposed, as well as to lay a more inviolable obligation upon the person taking it—in terms something like this;—if what I swear be true, may I enjoy much happiness, if not, may I utterly perish.

In judicial proceedings, the oath was administered to the witnesses before an altar erected in the courts of judicature, and with the greatest solemnity. The parties were likewise sworn—the plaintiff, that he would make no false charge, the defendant, that he would answer truly to the charge preferred.

An ancient form among the Romans was, for the juror to hold a stone in his hand, and to imprecate a curse upon himself should he swear falsely, in these words: "If I knowingly deceive, whilst He saves the city and citadel, may Jupiter

cast me away from all that is good, as I do this stone." Among the Greeks and Romans, the oath was not merely used to induce faith in judicial proceedings, but the Gods were invoked as witnesses to contracts between individuals, and treaties between nations.

When the shrine of Jupiter gave place to that of St. Peter, when the innumerable gods and goddesses of ancient superstition were converted into the equally numberless saints and saintesses of Catholicism, when the Pontifex Maximus of consular and imperial, became the Pontifex Maximus of papal Rome — without even the change of his sacerdotal vestments, when the rites and ceremonies, the whole ritual of the pagan worship was transferred bodily to the worship of the papacy, the oath, which was essentially a religious ceremony, was adopted as it had heretofore been administered, except so far as was required by the alteration in the names of the object of worship, and in its purposes and beliefs. As before this change, the altar, or the sacred things upon it were touched or kissed, as the more gods one swore by the stronger the oath, so we find after this change similar forms and ceremonies were adopted, with slight variations. The very form of the imprecation used is of pagan origin. "So help me Jupiter and these sacred things," became "So help me God and these sacred relics," or, "these holy Evangelists."* The Flamen of Jupiter, from the sacredness of his office, was not compelled to take an oath, and the word of the priest, "verbum sacerdotis," in conformity to the old superstition, has sufficed.

Justinian prescribes the following form: — "I swear by God Almighty and by his only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Holy Ghost and by the glorious St. Mary, mother of God, and always a virgin, and by the Four Gospels, which I hold in my hand, and by the holy Archangels, Michael and Gabriel, &c.," closing with an imprecation upon his head of the "terrible judgment of God and Christ, our Saviour, and that he might have part with Judas and the leper Gehazi, and that the curse of Cain might be upon him."

Besides oaths on solemn and judicial occasions, the ancients were in the habit of making use of them, as nowadays, as "the supplemental ornament of speech" — "as expletives to

* "So help me Fuyre Njord and the Almighty, as I shall testify truly, &c.," was the Scandinavian formula.

plump the speech, and fill up sentences ; ” — swearing by the patron Divinities of their cities, as in later days by patron saints ; by all manner of beasts and creeping things, by the fishes of the sea, and by stones and mountains.

Per Solis radios, Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis frameam, et Cirrhæi spicula Vatis ;
Per calamos Venatricis pharetramque Puellæ,
Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem ;
Addit et Herculeos arcus, hastamque Minervæ,
Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.

Indeed, the world-famous “ God damn ” of the English, is but a translation of the “ *dii me perdant* ” of classical antiquity. But the oaths of antiquity, however absurd or ridiculous, were infinitely exceeded in absurdity by the exuberant and grotesque profaneness of the Christians of the middle ages. They swore by “ Sion and Mount Sinai,” “ by St. James’ Lance,” “ by the brightness of God,” “ by Christ’s foot,” “ by nails and by blood,” “ by God’s arms two,” — they swore

“ By the saintly bones and relics,
Scattered through the wide arena ;
Yea, the holy coat of Jesus,
And the foot of Magdalena.”

Menu, the great lawgiver of the East, the son of the Self-existent, as he is termed in the sacred books of the Hindoos, ordains that the judge, having assembled the witnesses in the Court, should, in the presence of the plaintiff and defendant, address them as follows : —

“ What ye know to have been transacted in the matter before us, between the parties reciprocally, declare at large and with truth, for your evidence is required. . . .

“ The witness who speaks falsely, shall be fast bound under water, in the snaky cords of Varuna, and he shall be wholly deprived of power to escape torment during a hundred transmigrations ; let mankind give, therefore, no false testimony.

“ Naked and shorn, tormented with hunger and thirst, and deprived of sight, shall the man who gives false testimony go, with a potsherd to beg bread at the door of his enemy. Headlong and in utter darkness, shall the impious wretch tumble into hell, who, being interrogated in judicial inquiry, answers one question falsely.

“ The priest must be sworn by his veracity ; the soldier by his horse, or elephant, or weapons ; the merchant by his kine, grain and gold ; the mechanic, or servile man, by imprecating on his head, if he speak falsely, all possible crimes.”

In this code, the guilt of perjury varies in intensity, according to the subject matter of testimony.

"By false testimony concerning cattle in general, the witness incurs the guilt of killing five men; he kills ten by false testimony concerning kine; he kills a hundred by false testimony concerning horses; and a thousand by false testimony concerning the human race."

But what is human life compared with gold, or with land? The scale rises, — the atrocity increases.

"By speaking falsely in a cause concerning gold, he kills, or incurs the guilt of killing, the born and unborn; by speaking falsely concerning land, he kills every thing animated. Beware, then, of speaking falsely concerning land. Marking well all the murders which are comprehended in the crime of perjury — declare the whole truth, as it was heard and as it was seen by thee."

Notwithstanding, all this pious falsehood, for instance, perjury to save life, which would be forfeited by the rigor of the law, is not merely allowed, but approved, and eulogistically termed "the speech of the Gods."

"To a woman, on a proposal of marriage, in the case of grass or fruit eaten by a cow, of wood taken for a sacrifice, or of a promise made for the preservation of a Brahmin, it is no deadly sin to take a slight oath."

Ever famous has been the lubricity of lovers' oaths. The lover swore, indeed, but, as was said by the Greeks, oaths made in love, never enter into the ears of the Gods. This, probably, is the only code allowing and approving them.

Various are the modes of administering an oath. A cow is sometimes brought into court, that the witness may have the satisfaction of swearing with her tail in his hand; the leaf of the sweet basil and the waters of the Ganges are swallowed; the witness holds fire, or touches the head of his children or wife — while the less orthodox followers of Brahmin, those of the Jungle tribes, impressed with the belief that if they swear falsely they shall be food for tigers, are sworn on the skin of one.

Among the Mohammedans, the oath is administered with the Koran on the head of the witness; but it is not binding unless taken in the express name of the Almighty, and then it is incomplete unless the witness, after having given in his evidence, again swears that he has spoken nothing but the truth. The oath is not worthy of credit unless taken in the name of God; and the swearer must corroborate it by reciting the attributes of God, as, "I swear by the God besides whom there is

no other righteous God, who is acquainted with what is hidden," &c.

No one, who has read the inimitable works of Sterne, will forget the all-cursing excommunication of the Catholic Church — cursing the unhappy offender in the exercise of every function of living nature, and through all the joints and articulations of his members, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The oath of the Burmese, though falling infinitely short as an effusion of maledictory imprecation, is still worthy of being brought to mind.

"I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of the laws of demerit, viz. : passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, hardheartedness, and scepticism; so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we come to utter destruction. Let me be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, leprosy and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts, and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting black clotted blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, or other sea-monsters seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men and nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret in the utmost wretchedness among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts and Athurakai," &c.

" 'Small curses, Dr. Slop, upon great occasions,' quoth my father, 'are but so much waste of our strength and soul's health, to no manner of purpose.' 'I own it,' replied Dr. Slop. 'They are like sparrow shot,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'fired against a bastion.' 'They serve,' continued my father, 'to stir the humors — but carry off none of their acrimony — for my part, I seldom swear or curse at all. I hold it bad; but if I fall into it by surprise, I generally retain so much presence of mind as to make it answer my purpose — that is, I swear till I find myself easy.' " The Burmese, at any rate, fire no sparrow shot at falsehood — and might be easy in the sufficiency of the metal with which their oath is loaded.

Much of the judicial proceedings of our Anglo-Saxon an-

cestors rested upon oaths, and the punishment for their violation was severe. The perjurer was declared unworthy of the ordeal, was incompetent as a witness, denied Christian burial, and classed with witches, murderers and the most obnoxious members of society.

Oaths were administered to the complainant in criminal proceedings, and to the accused. The oath of the complainant was as follows: "In the Lord, I accuse not N. either from hate, or art, or unjust avarice, nor do I know any thing more true; but so my mind said to me, and I myself tell for truth that he was the thief of my goods."

The accused swore as follows: "In the Lord, I am innocent, both in word and deed, of that charge of which P. accused me."

The oath of the witness was: "In the name of Almighty God, as I stand here a true witness, unbidden and unbought, so I oversaw it with mine eyes, and even heard it in my ears, what I have said."

From this, it would appear that, in those early days, before the inveterate chicanery of Norman Jurisprudence had cursed English soil, that it was usual to swear the parties, "those who knew something about the matter."

The different oaths of modern Europe, ordeal oaths, oaths of compurgators, decisory oaths, oaths of calumny, oaths military, masonic, might well deserve attention; but we have already, perhaps, occupied too much attention in reverting to the forms and usages of the past.

There are but two instances of nations among whom oaths have not been adopted in judicial proceedings. Among the Chinese, no oath is exacted by the magistrate, upon the delivery of testimony. When they question each other's testimony, appeals to the Gods are only made by cutting off the head of a fowl and wishing they may thus suffer — or blowing out a candle and wishing they may thus be extinguished, if they do not speak the truth. The other instance is to be found in the code of laws formed, with great judgment and much discrimination, by the missionaries at Hawaii — where, we believe, oaths have, for the first time, been abolished by a Christian people.

Whim and caprice seem to have governed men in selecting the punishment to be inflicted for a violation of the truth. Among some nations, fines, confiscation of goods, and imprisonment have sufficed. The Hindoos cut out the tongue, as be-

ing the offending member, while the Spaniards, sparing the tongue, extracted the teeth, for their share in the formation of sound. Some cut off the hand. The old Germans were content with a thumb, while the Danes, using three fingers in the ceremony, were content with taking only two; and the Dutch, still more merciful, thought the jointing of the forefinger a sufficient expiation for the offence. By the Salic law, a fine of fifteen shillings satisfied the offended majesty of the law; but in case of the decisory oath, according to the laws of some countries, no punishment can be imposed on the false swearer beyond what God will inflict.

With us, the oath is used on so many occasions, that a stranger would imagine it was a precept of our religion, to swear always, at all times and on all occasions. Not an executive officer, from the President to a Marshal, from a Governor to a Constable; not a judicial officer, from the chief justice to the lowest magistrate known to the law; not a member of our numerous legislative assemblies; not an officer of the army or navy, nor a soldier or sailor, enlisting, but is sworn in certain set and prescribed formulas. A sworn assessor is required to assess our taxes; a sworn collector to collect, and a sworn treasurer to receive the money collected. Not a lot of land is levied upon, without the intervention of oaths. The whole custom house department is rife with them. Through all the innumerable grades of official life, civil, military, executive and judicial, the oath is the official security, by which, in their respective spheres, they are all bound to the performance of their several duties — and that, too, by a people, one of the clearest precepts of whose religion is, “swear not at all;” and when, in many of the above instances, the violation of the several duties sworn to be done and performed, is not punishable as perjury.

Nor are these the only occasions in which the oath is used. No testimony is received in any judicial proceeding until after its administration. As a security for official faithfulness, or as a preventive of official delinquency, it is notoriously worthless and inoperative. What may be its value in the preserving and promoting of trustworthiness of testimony, we propose to consider.

For the purposes of Justice, it is perfectly immaterial whether the testimony uttered be sworn or unsworn, provided it be true. Before considering the supposed efficiency of an oath, it may be advisable to see what other, and how power-

ful securities for testimonial veracity are attainable without resort to this supernatural agency.

Truth is the natural language of all; it is the general rule, falsehood the rare and occasional exception. Even of those least regardful of veracity, truth is the ordinary and common language. The greatest liar, no matter how depraved he may be, usually speaks the truth. And why? Invention is the work of labor. To narrate facts in the order of their occurrence, to tell what has been seen or heard, is what obviously occurs to any one. To avoid doing this, is a work of difficulty. Falsely to add to what has occurred, carefully to insert a dexterous lie, requires ingenuity, greater or less, according to the greater or less degree of skill with which the lie is dovetailed among the truths which surround it. No matter how cunning the artificer, the web cannot be so woven that the stained and colored thread shall not be perceived. Love of ease, fear of labor, the physical sanction, are always seen coöperating in favor of truth. Any motive, however slight and even infinitesimal, is, or may be sufficient to induce action in a right direction, except when overborne by other and superior motives, in a sinister direction. By a sort of impulse, by the very course of nature, the usual tendency of speech is in the line of truth.

Regard for public opinion, the pain and shame universally attendant upon the ignominy attached to falsehood detected, the disgrace of the liar, in other words, the moral and popular sanction, with but rare and accidental exceptions, is found tending in the same direction. Much the greater part of what is known, is known only from the testimony of others. Our necessities, the necessities of others, and of social intercourse, require, that for our own preservation as well as for that of others, the truth should be told. Hence, among all nations, barbarous and civilized, and among civilized in proportion to their advancement, the term Liar has been one of deep reproach; never used without inflicting pain on the person to whom it is applied. However great the disgrace, it is immeasurably increased, when the occasion upon which the falsehood is uttered is a judicial one. The more important the occasion, the greater the public indignation and scorn attached to its violation.

The law regarding veracity, which is peculiarly desirable in judicial investigations, may impose severe penalties for false testimony, mendacity, — penalties varying in degree of se-

verity, according to the aggravation of the offence — and thus may furnish additional sanction to, and security for testimonial trustworthiness.

It may happen that the statement of a witness, while true in part, may be defective in detail, either by the omission of true, or the utterance of false facts. Correctness and completeness are both included in perfect veracity. Incorrect in part, incomplete to any material extent, — the evils of such incompleteness and incorrectness, when not the result of design, may be as great as those of deliberate and intentional falsehood. How best to attain those indispensable requisites, is the problem, the solution of which becomes so important in the practical administration of the law. How best to compel the reluctant and evasive witness, how to quicken the careless and indifferent, how to check and restrain the rash and presumptuous, how to convict the deliberately and wilfully false, how to extort from reluctant lips the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth — by what processes to accomplish these results, is the great question.

Interrogation and cross-interrogation, rigid, severe and scrutinizing, under a proper system of procedure, confirmed and strengthened by the sanctions already alluded to, are the securities upon which all real and substantial reliance can be placed. The ordinary motives to veracity, without the aid of cross-examination, and unaccompanied by fear of punishment in case of falsehood, are found sufficient in the common affairs of life to produce veracity. The extraordinary securities afforded by punishment, compulsory examinations and cross-examinations, would seem to suffice in the case of evidence judicially delivered.

As, however, testimony is judicially delivered only upon and after the ceremony called an oath — it is only punishable if false, after the oath has been legally administered. This is not necessarily so — for, if the legislature should so will, the temporal punishment might as well be inflicted without, as with an oath.

Having briefly considered the temporal securities for truth, it now remains, to ascertain the real significance and true value of the oath, as a preventive of testimonial mendacity.

“What is universally understood by an oath,” says Lord Hardwick, “is, that the person who undertakes, imprecates the vengeance of God upon himself, if the oath he takes be false.”

“An oath,” says Michaëlis, “is an appeal to God as a surety

and the punisher of perjury : which appeal *as He accepted*, He of course became bound to punish a perjured person irremissibly. .

“ Were not God to take upon Himself to *guarantee oaths*, an appeal to Him in swearing, would be foolish and sinful. He *undertakes to guarantee it*, and is the avenger of perjury, if not in this world, *at any rate in the world to come*.”

By the use, then, of this ceremony, the Deity is engaged, or it is assumed that He is engaged, in case of a violation of the oath, to inflict punishment of an uncertain and indefinite degree of intensity — at some remote period of time, in some indefinite place, according to the varying and conflicting theological notions of those holding this belief — notions varying according to the time when, and place where, they are entertained, and the education and character of those entertaining them.

It cannot be questioned, that the Deity will punish for falsehood, whether judicially or extrajudicially uttered ; nor that such punishment, whatever it may be, whensoever, wheresoever, or howsoever inflicted, will be just, fitting and appropriate.

Were the ceremony not used, were unsworn testimony delivered, subject to temporal punishment, were all oaths abolished, false testimony, so far as this world is concerned, would be as injurious as if uttered under the sanction of an oath. The injurious effects in the administration of Justice, would be the same. The unsworn witness would be amenable to the penalties of the law, as the sworn witness is now.

Now what is accomplished by the oath ? The falsehood and its disastrous effects to the cause of Justice are the same, whether the oath has been taken or not ; the temporal punishment is, or may be made the same. The oath, if effective, therefore, is only effective so far as future punishment is concerned, which, in consequence of its administration, will thereby be increased or diminished, — for, if the punishment were to remain the same, then nothing would have been effected ; the oath would be a mere idle ceremony — *telumque imbelle sine ictu*.

That future punishment will thereby be diminished, no one will pretend, certainly not those who repose confidence in the efficacy of this sanction. If future punishment is increased, then, and then only is the ceremony effective — then, only, is a valid reason given for its adoption.

The falsehood being the same, whether the testimony be sworn or unsworn, the punishment for the falsehood itself, must necessarily be the same. For, if falsehoods be a proper

subject of punishment, when the effects are the same, the lie will be punished without, as well as with any ceremony preparatory to its utterance. If, then, an increase of punishment will be inflicted—it must be for the profanation of the ceremony, and nothing else.

If the future punishment, is increased in consequence of the administration of the oath—then what follows? That man, by the use of certain words and ceremonies, can compel the Deity to inflict other, and increased, and different punishments; that man can control the Deity. The punishment for the falsehood is one thing; the punishment for the falsehood would be just without the ceremony, and the falsehood being the same, the punishment, for that cause, must be the same. If there be an increase, it is for the profanation, and for that alone.

The perjury committed, the falsehood judicially uttered, as by the Quaker, the temporal punishment the same, the evil the same, is the future punishment the same? If so, then the oath is utterly valueless? It is increased, then, for precisely the same temporal offence; for the same identical violation of truth, there is, then, a different future punishment, and that arising from, and caused by the utterance of certain words, and the performance of certain gestures, previous to uttering such falsehood! The Quaker suffers equally in this world for his crime, but hereafter he is to be a gainer, by having his suffering diminished.

All that is alleged, then, to have been accomplished is, that an increased amount of punishment is hereafter to be inflicted, simply for the violation of a ceremony, and entirely irrespective and regardless of any evils flowing from the falsehood. No sanction for truth is really obtained.

But in what does the binding force of an oath consist? When Jephthah, returning in triumph, was met by his daughter with timbrels and dances, was Jephthah under any obligation to perform the vow he had made, “to offer up for a burnt offering whatsoever should come forth from the doors of his house to meet him?” If yea, such obligation arose not from the rightfulness or propriety of the matter vowed, for that was a dark and atrocious murder, “for she was his only child; besides her he had neither son nor daughter.” The performance, if required, was required solely in consequence of the vow. “For I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and cannot go back.” If nay, if the vow was not to be performed, then does it not follow, that it is the fitness of the thing sworn to be done or not, which is

the basis of the obligation, and upon which its binding force rests?

When Herod, pleased with the dancing of the daughter of Herodias, "promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would," and when she requested the head of John the Baptist in a dish, was he thereby bound to give it her? "Yet for his oath's sake and them that sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her."

Mahomet says when you swear to do a thing, and afterwards find it better to do otherwise, do that which is better, and make void your oath.

The very definitions of an oath show that, by reason and in consequence of the oath, the Deity becomes bound to punish a perjured person irremissibly. History, too, shows that obligations upon man, and so, too, upon the Deity, arising from the oath, varied, or were supposed to vary in intensity, according to the varying forms and circumstances attendant upon its administration. When Robert, the pious king of France, abstracted the holy relics from the cases upon which the oath was taken, and substituted therefor the egg of an ostrich, as being an innocent object, and incapable of taking vengeance on those who should swear falsely, he might have been correct as to the incapacity of the egg; but did he thereby save his subjects from perjury, or avert the punishment of the Deity? When Harold shuddering saw the bones and relics of saints and martyrs, real or fictitious, upon which he had unconsciously sworn, were the obligations he had assumed, increased by their unknown presence? Or was it the unreasoning fear of abject superstition, which led him to believe that he had thus immeasurably increased the dangers of superhuman punishment?

Indeed, when men consider they are under obligation to utter the truth or not, as they stand upon a tiger's skin or hold in their hand the tail of a cow, as they have their hat on or off, as certain spurious relics of fictitious saints are enclosed in the pyx or not; as the lips touch the thumb or the book; as the book has, or not, a cross upon it, who does not see that the virtue resides, or is considered by those thus believing, to reside in the ceremony and in that alone; that the thing sworn to be done or not, and its propriety, are not even matters deemed worthy of thought?

But is the obligation to utter truth thereby increased? Is not that eternal, immutable? Is not the duty to utter truth paramount and prior to all oaths? The oath may be the same

so far as the ceremony is concerned, either to utter the truth or a falsehood, but is the obligation the same? If the obligation rests on the oath, each alike must be performed as sworn. If it rests on the rightfulness of the thing to be done, then why add the oath?

The oath is not without its accompanying evils. By imposing punishment only when it has been administered, it lessens the importance of, and the respect due to truth, in statements uttered extrajudicially, and gives an implied license to falsehood, out of Court. The truth seems only to be specially requisite in case of an oath, otherwise it is comparatively immaterial.

Charles Lamb, in his quaint and quiet way, and with great humor and truth, says, "the custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, is apt to introduce into the laxer sort of minds, the notion of two kinds of truth; the one applicable to the solemn affairs of Justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth, bound upon the conscience by an oath, can be but truth, so, in the common affirmations of the shop and the market, a latitude is expected and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than the truth satisfies. It is common for a person to say, you do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath. Hence, a kind of secondary or laic truth is tolerated, when clergy truth, oath truth, is not required. A Quaker knows none of these distinctions."

Not very dissimilar was the idea of St. Basil, that "it is a very foul and silly thing for a man to accuse himself as unworthy of belief, and to proffer an oath for security."

The oath, too, is a disturbing force in giving the just degree of weight to testimony. It tends to place all testimony upon the same level, to cause equal credence to be given to all, because all have passed through the same ceremony. The attention of the jury or the judge, is withdrawn from the just appreciation of the grounds of belief or disbelief in the evidence. The same ceremony for all, the tendency is, to believe that its force is the same upon all, and thus the bad receive undue credence, while the good are reduced to the standard of the bad.

In what does the difference consist between judicial and extrajudicial falsehood? The consequences of the latter may be more or less injurious than those of the former; the injury greater, the loss, in the latter case, of property, reputation or even life, in the former of a few shillings, it may be; is the falsehood judicially uttered the greater offence? To suffer the

same loss by the utterance of the same words in Court or out of Court, in the Street or on the Stand, with or without assenting with upraised hand to certain words, in what is the difference to the loser, or the general injury to the community? Why in one case punish, in the other exempt from punishment? Does it not degrade the general standard of veracity; does it not create the notion that truth is not competent on ordinary occasions, but is only required as a sort of Court language?

What are the lessons of experience? To determine the real value of this sanction, one must abstract all those concurring and coöperating securities, which alone are of real importance, but which, not being estimated at their value, give this an unnatural and undeserved efficiency. Take away public opinion; let falsehood be regarded with as much indifference as among the Hindoos; remove all fear of temporal punishment in case of testimonial falsehood; abolish the test of cross-examination; leave it to the willing or unwilling witness to state more or less, according to the promptings of his inclination, and you then see the measure of security for trustworthiness derivable from the oath. When the oath sanction is in accordance with the other securities of trustworthiness, its weakness is not perceived. Let the religious cease to be in conformity with the popular sentiment or even with convenience, and its violation is looked on with indifference or even complacency. "If you wish," says Bentham, "to have powder of post taken for an efficacious medicine, try it with opium and antimony; if you wish to have it taken for what it is, try it by itself."

Definite, certain, immediate punishment alone is powerful to restrain or coerce. The future, enshrouded in darkness, yields to the present. The fear of punishment, hereafter to be imposed for falsehood without oath, or with oath so far as it may be increased thereby, is a motive of little strength. The uncertainty whether any will be inflicted, the unalterable ignorance as to what the amount may be, or when in time, or where in space it is to be inflicted, render it a security unreliable and powerless in its action upon even the most intelligent and conscientious, when unaided and unsupported by other securities.

The oaths of Oxford University have been taken by the most cultivated minds of England, by those, who in after life attained the highest dignities of the Church or the State, by those, who from their station, their education and intelligence, would be least likely to disregard their obligation. These oaths required obedience to statutes framed centuries ago by

and for a set of monks, and are about as consonant to the present state of Society as the monkish costume would be to a General in Chief at the head of his army. Consequently, they are not merely not observed, but their observance would be a matter of astonishment to all, equally to those sworn to observe and to those sworn to require their observance.

Another instance of habitual violation of oaths, has been seen in the conduct of English Judges and Juries, in the administration of the criminal law. The English code was written in blood. Draco would have shuddered at the multiplicity of its bloody enactments. Death was inflicted in cases of larceny, dependent upon the value of the thing stolen. With greater regard to the dictates of humanity than to their oath-obligations, juries, at the suggestion of the Court, and for the express purpose of evading the law, have intentionally returned the article stolen as of less than its true value, to avoid the punishment of death, which otherwise would have attached.

Unanimity, too, is required in juries. A difference of opinion exists; in most contested cases of much complexity, it is likely to exist. The really dissenting minority yield to the majority. The Court aid or advise, and if advice will not serve, compel agreements by partial starvation — thus bringing physical wants to their aid, to coerce real opinion.

The open and profligate violation of custom-house oaths, has attracted so much attention, that in England they have been abolished. In this country, a bill to that effect, with the approbation of the late John Quincy Adams, was introduced, but we believe it was defeated.

The Jews had no temporal punishment for perjury, and they have descended to posterity as a nation of oath-breakers. It will be fully understood how little effect the fear of future punishment had over the Grecian mind, when it is remembered that the wit of Aristophanes was directed against the very idea of Jove's interference for the punishment of this crime.

“Dunce, dotard, were you born before the flood,
To talk of perjury, whilst Simon breathes,
Theorus and Kleonymus, whilst they,
The perjured villains, brave the lightning's stroke,
And gaze the heavens unshack, would these escape?
Why, man, Jove's random fires strike his own fane,
Strike Sunium's guiltless top, strike the dumb Oak,
Who never yet broke faith or falsely swore.”

The caustic and vehement pen of Juvenal affords an equally true and vivid picture of Roman want of belief and truth.

"Who dreams that oaths are sacred; that the shrine
Of every God has something of divine;
Dreams of Old Times, when Saturn first forsook
His diadem, and grasped the reaper's hook;
When Juno was a spinster, and when Jove
Lived still in private, in the Idean Grove!
Oh Golden times! When Gods were scarce and few,
And not as now, a mix'd and motley crew!
Wheels, furies, vultures, quite unheard of things,
And the gay ghosts, were strangers yet to kings."

The habitual disregard for truth — the little security which the oath gives to testimony — induced a Committee of the British Parliament, in their report on the judicial affairs of British India, to recommend its abolition, on the ground that its moral sanction does not add to the value of native testimony, Hindoo or Mohammedan; that the only practical restraint on perjury is the fear of punishment, imposed by law for that offence, and that the fear of consequences in a future state, or the loss of character or reputation among their own countrymen, has little effect upon the great majority of the people, in securing true and honest testimony, when they may be influenced by the bias of fear, favor, affection, or reward.

The legal exclusion consequent upon, and caused by the oath, affords an unanswerable argument against its use. Most nations, in the spirit of religious bigotry and barbarian exclusiveness, so characteristic of unenlightened legislation, have excluded as witnesses, those whose faith differed from their own. The Government, determining what shall be the faith, — determines that all dissidents shall be branded as infidels. The term infidel expresses merely dissent or disbelief, without reference to the truth or falsehood of the thing disbelieved. It is the epithet which majorities apply to minorities, and, consequently, one of reproach. Justinian excluded infidels. Hindoos and Mohammedans excluded Christians, because of their infidelity, and, by way of reprisal, they in their turn were excluded by Christians, for the same cause. Such was the common law, as drawn from its purest fountains, — from Fleta and Bracton. Coke, its great expounder, excludes them as unworthy of credit; for, said he — they are perpetual enemies — "for as between them, as with the devils, whose subjects they are, and Christians, there is perpetual hostility, and can be no peace; for, as the Apostle said, 'and what concord hath Christ with Belial, or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?'"

It was not until the East India Company commenced that

splendid career of conquest, by which they acquired dominion over millions of subjects, and it was seen that an urgent necessity required the testimony of the natives — that the Court, overruling the well established law of ages, threw Bracton and Fleta overboard, because they were papists, and in their day “little trade was carried on but the trade in religion;” and in the suit of Onuchund,* the great Hindoo Banker, whose melancholy fate reflects little credit on British faith, against Barker, by an act of judge-made law decided that all infidels, without reference to their religion, might be received and sworn, according to the customs of their respective countries; — not because such was the law — but because to exclude them, would be a “most impolitic notion, and would tend at once to destroy all trade and commerce.” Even judicial optics, with dim and beclouded vision, saw that, if the whole population of a country were excluded as infidels, proof might be deficient; — but, as it was thought to “the advantage of the nation to carry on trade and commerce in foreign countries, and in many countries inhabited by heathens,” it was judged advisable to trample the law under foot. A judicial *caveat*, however, was at the same time entered against giving the same credit, either “by court or jury, to an infidel witness as to a Christian.”

Provided only the wrath of God be imprecated, it mattered little to the common law, the wrath of what God was imprecated, whether Vishnu or Fo, or any other of the innumerable Gods of heathenism. But in none of them does the Christian repose faith. The witness imprecating the vengeance of false Gods, of Gods who will not answer, what is the belief of the Christian? That the true God will as much hear and punish in consequence of the use of this ceremony, and for its violation, as if the adjuration had been in His name? If so, then are the magic virtues of the oath still more enhanced — being compulsory upon the Deity, even when His name is not invoked. If not, then why swear the witness in the name of false Gods? Why give a judicial sanction to superstition and idolatry, by invoking false Gods; why not rather let testimony be delivered under the pains and penalties of perjury, and let that suffice?

Yet by the common law, the swearer by broken cups and saucers, or he who thinks truth obligatory only as he has held

* See Wille's Rep.

the tail of the sacred cow when the oath was administered, was heard, while the intelligent and pious Quaker, who, in the simplicity of his heart, was so heretical as to believe that the command "Swear not at all" meant what its obvious language imports, was excluded, because he believed the divinity of the command he was anxious to obey. He was thus left without protection to person or to property, unless he should be able to find a witness without the pale of his sect, by whom his legal rights could be established.

By that patchwork legislation, so eminently distinguishing all law reform, an act was passed, and the law so amended that a Quaker, when property was endangered, was admitted to testify, — but in cases of property alone, his testimony not being admissible in criminal cases. In this country, however, the legislature have removed the disqualification entirely; the absurdity is, that it should ever have existed.

These limited reforms do not afford a complete remedy for the evil. The incorrectness of religious belief is not the ground of exclusion — for if so, one would think Hindooism sufficiently erroneous for that purpose. The theological jurist views with more complacency the worst forms of Paganism, than a questionable variety of Christianity. The only required qualification in his view, is belief in a *future* punishment, of which, in every aspect, he must be unutterably ignorant. If, believing the general doctrines of Christianity, he is so unfortunate as to believe that the cares, and sorrows, and misfortunes of this life are a sufficient punishment for transgressions here committed, and that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, will hereafter receive all into a state of happiness, the common law excludes his testimony. The judicial dabbler in theology in this country, has generally followed the lead of transatlantic jurisprudence.

But whether the Universalist be a witness or not, all authorities agree, that he who disbelieves in the existence of God, who, in the darkness of his beclouded reason, sees not God in the earth, teeming with its various and innumerable forms of animal or vegetable life, sees him not in the starry firmament, — nor yet in the existence of man, the most wonderful of his works, is excluded. Atheism is always rare, yet we have, three times in one county, known the attempt made to exclude for that cause. The general bad character of the witness for truth and veracity, affords no ground for exclusion, however much it may for disbelief in testimony;

but even if it had, it would not have been established in those cases. Erroneous belief was the only reason urged. The error of such belief, or want of belief, may not merely be conceded — but the entertaining of such sentiments may be deemed the misfortune of his life. But because one of the securities for truth may be wanting, it is difficult to perceive why, all others remaining in full force and vigor, the witness should not be heard — and then after, not as the common law does before such hearing, some judgment formed by those who are to decide upon the matter in dispute, of the truth or falsehood of his statements. He is excluded only because he is believed. If he is to be believed, when the truth uttered would expose him to reproach and ignominy, why not hear him under more favorable circumstances, when the rights of others may be involved, and then judge? Exclude him, and any outrage may be committed upon him — his property may be robbed — his wife may be violated — his child may be murdered before his eyes, and the guilty go unpunished, if he be the only witness; not because he cannot or will not tell the truth, but because the law will not hear him. Practically the law is, that provided a man's belief be erroneous, any body, whose belief is better, and it matters little what it be, Hindooism or Fetichism, may inflict any and all conceivable injuries on his person and property, and the law will permit such a criminal to go unpunished, unless there happens to be present some witness whose belief should square with the judicial idea of competency.

Nor is this all. It leaves it in the power of any man to be a witness or not. A believer, interested for one party and knowing facts adverse to his interest, he has only falsely to profess the erroneous belief, and he is excluded. Wishing to be a witness, and being an infidel, he has only falsely to express a change of sentiments, and he will be admitted to testify. He alone determines whether he will be heard or not. If an atheist and a man of integrity, he is peremptorily shut out; if an atheist, and he will lie and deny his atheism, he is unhesitatingly received. So that the law does not even protect itself, excluding all honest, and admitting all dishonest unbelievers, provided, only, that they are willing to render themselves competent by falsehood.

Abolish, then, the oath, without which technical perjury cannot exist, and the great argument for the wholesale exclusion of testimony by the law is done away with. No intelligent

judge or juryman ever relied upon its security. Judge of the witness by his appearance, manner, answers, the probability of his statements, comparing them with the lights derivable from every source. Punish falsehood injuriously affecting the rights of others, in proportion to the wrong done, not with one uniform measure of punishment, as if the offence in all cases were the same. Tolerate not two kinds of truth, the greater and lesser, else both are lost. Elevate the standard of veracity, by requiring it on all occasions, and in this way public morality is increased, and the real securities upon which the social fabric rests are strengthened.

ART. II.—SPECIMENS OF GERMAN LYRICS.

Die Lyrik der Deutschen in ihren vollendesten Schöpfungen von Göthe bis auf die Gegenwart. In fünf Büchern herausgegeben von HEINRICH FRIEDERICH WILHELMI, Hofrath und Professor. Frankfurt a. M. 1848. 1 vol. 4to.

THIS volume contains lyrical pieces from two hundred and nine poets of Germany, who have lived within a hundred years; of course, the pieces are of very unequal merit. All the various form of German lyric poetry are represented here—from the antique ode to the most didactic piece that is capable of being sung. Properly speaking, the modern lyric poetry of Germany begins with Goethe, and it bears the peculiar mark of that great artist, though none has yet equalled the master in lyric composition.

The work is divided into three main parts, namely:—

1. Pure Lyric, or the Lyric of Sentiment;
2. Didactic Lyric, or the Lyric of Thought;
3. Epic Lyric, or the Lyric of Events.

We give below a translation of a celebrated piece from Schiller.

EXPECTATION.

Did I not hear the gate open?

Did I not hear the latch click?

No, it was the wind's low breathing,
Whirring through these poplars thick.

O deck thyself, thou roof of foliage green,
 Thou shalt receive the bringer of my light!
 Ye branches build a shady bower, to screen
 And circle her with the still blessed night!
 And all ye flattering breezes breathe unseen,
 And play around her cheek, so pure and bright,
 When her light footsteps, softly moving, come
 And bear their gentle burden to her home.

Hush! what steals through the hedges?
 What was the rustling I heard?
 No, 't was but the moving bushes,
 Shaken by the startled bird.

Proud Day, put out thy torch! and thou appear
 O Spiritual Night, with silence sweet!
 Thy purple blossoms spread around us here,
 And let the secret branches o'er us meet!
 The joy of love shunneth the listener's ear,
 Shunneth the prying ray of noonday's heat:
 Let only Hesperus, the Silent, dare
 To look on us, and in our transports share.

Did I not hear in the distance
 Whispering voices awake?
 No, it was the swan in circles
 Moving on the silver lake.

Around me flow all sweetest harmonies,
 The spring is falling with a pleasant noise,
 The flowers are bending to the west wind's kiss,
 And all things living in exchange of joys:
 The grape — the red peach, slumbering in its bliss,
 Behind the leaves its ripe repose enjoys:
 The breeze, all balmy from the spicy flood,
 Drinks from my fevered cheek the glowing blood.

Do I not hear light footsteps
 Rustling along through the walk?
 No, it is the ripe fruit falling
 With its own fullness from the stalk.

The flaming Eye of day has sunk in night —
 A gentle death — and all the colors gay;
 The flower cups, in the dear and dusky light,
 All ope their eyes, that shunned the glare of day;
 The moon lifts up her face, so mildly bright,
 And melts the world in masses huge away.
 From every charm, the girdle is unbound,
 And all things beautiful are veiless found.

Something all white glimmers yonder;
 Is't not the folds of her dress?
 No, it is the column gleaming
 Through the yew wood's gloominess.

O longing heart, seek not this pleasing pain,
 To play with lifeless images so sweet:
 They will not in my empty arms remain;
 No shadowy joy can cool this bosom's heat.
 O guide my dear love to my heart again,
 And let her tender hand with mine once meet;
 Let but the border of her mantle gleam!
 Then into Life stepped forth the empty dream.

And light, as from heavenly dwellings,
 Appeareth the hour of bliss;
 Unseen, unheard, she was near me,
 And wakened her friend with a kiss.

The following lines have something pleasing :

Grave age upon my house-top
 His snow doth lay;
 But all within my chamber
 Is warm and gay.
 Cold winter falls in whiteness
 Upon my head;
 Yet in my heart, how warm and red
 The life-drops play;
 My cheek its color loses,
 And gone are all the roses,
 All gone and passed away.
 Where have they gone, the roses?
 Down in the heart,
 And there, as once, so ever
 They'll bloom, they'll bloom for me.
 Are all the world's bright rivers
 Forever drained?
 One stream steals through my bosom
 Its quiet way.
 Are all the nightingales of summer mute?
 Yet in my heart's deep silence
 One sings its lay:
 It sings — Lord, of thy dwelling
 Shut to thy door;

That the world may not press into thy chamber gay,
Shut out the rough cold breath of common day :
The mist of dreams alone
Around thee stay.

The following piece of Paul Gerhard we take from another collection. It is not well known in this country, though quite popular in Germany. We give a poor translation, but subjoin the original, in hopes some one will produce a better version.

AN EVENING HYMN.

I.

Now rests the wood in shadow,
Beast, man, and town, and meadow ;
The weary world's asleep.
My soul, begin thy singing,
To thy Creator bringing
A Psalm acceptable and deep.

II.

Oh Sun, where wilt thou hide thee ?
The night cannot abide thee,
The Night, the Daylight's foe.
Withdraw, Oh Sun, from Heaven,
If Christ my joy be given
Bright in my heart of hearts to glow.

I.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder,
Vieh, Menschen, Städt'und Felder,
Es schläft die müde Welt.
Ihr aber, meine Sinnen,
Auf! ihr sollt noch beginnen,
Was eurem Schöpfer wohlgefällt.

II.

Wo bist du, Sonne, blieben ?
Die Nacht hat dich vertrieben,
Die Nacht, des Tages Feind.
Fahr' hin, du Erden-sonne,
Wenn Jesus, meine Wonne,
Nur hell in meinem Herzen scheint.

III.

Now daylight is declining,
Now golden stars are shining,
In Heaven's purple hall.
Like them shall I serve standing,
When God shall come demanding
Me from this dark and tearful ball.

IV.

My body hastes to slumber;
The robes which it encumber,
A type of mortal life,
These lay I off far from me,
But Christ shall clothe upon me,
The garment of immortal life.

V.

Head, feet, and every finger,
While evening shadows linger,
Rejoice that day is o'er;
My heart, begin thy gladness,
Relieved from earthly sadness,
Thou'lt be the slave of Sin no more!

III.

Der Tag ist nun vergangen;
Die goldnen Sterne prangen
Am blauen Himmelssaal.
Also werd' ich auch stehen,
Wann mich wird heissen gehen
Mein Gott aus diesem Jammerthal.

IV.

Der Leib eilt nun zur Ruhe,
Legt Kleider ab und Schuhe,
Das Bild der Sterblichkeit.
Die zieh' ich aus; dagegen
Wird Christus mir anlegen
Das Kleid der Ehr' und Herrlichkeit.

V.

Das Haupt, die Füß' und Hände
Sind froh, dass nun zu Ende
Des Tages Arbeit sey.
Herz, freu' dich! du sollst werden
Vom Elend dieser Erden,
Und von der Sündenarbeit frei.

VI.

Go home, ye limbs, now weary,
 Forget your labors dreary,
 You now require your bed.
 But other times come speedy,
 And for you will make ready
 A couch in earth to rest this head.

VII.

Mine eyes e'en now are dozing,
 And in a moment closing,
 Where now are Sense and Soul?
 Oh keep them with affection,
 Stand thou their sole protection,
 Thou, Eye and Guardian of the whole!

VIII.

Come thou thy child to cover,
 And with thy wings brood over,
 And shelter with thine arm.
 Then, would the foe invade me,
 Thine angel's voice shall aid me,
 "This child shall meet no harm!"

VI.

Nun geht, ihr matten Glieder,
 Geht hin, und legt euch nieder!
 Des Bettes ihr begehrt.
 Es kommen andre Zeiten,
 Da man euch wird bereiten
 Zur Ruh' ein Bettlein in der Erd'.

VII.

Die Augen stehn verdrossen,
 Im Nu sind sie geschlossen;
 Wo bleibt nun Leib und Seel'?
 Nimm du sie hin in Gnaden,
 Sey gut für allen Schaden,
 Du Aug' und Wächter Israel!

VIII.

Steh' du zu meiner Seite,
 Die Flügel um mich breite,
 Und hülle mich darein!
 Will mich der Feind verschlingen,
 So lass die Engel singen:
 Diess Kind soll unverletzt seyn.

IX.

And thou, my dearest dear one,
No evil shall come near one ;
Not one of mine be lost !
In nearness and in distance,
Our God will lend assistance,
With all the glorious angel host.

IX.

Auch euch, ihr meine Lieben,
Soll heute nicht betrüben
Ein Unfall noch Gefahr ;
Euch Fernen und euch Nahen
Woll' unser Gott umfahen
Mit seiner lichten Engelschaar.

The following is from Countess Ida von Hahn-Hahn. We have seen several manuscript translations, but none in print. We give the original below.

RECONCILIATION.

Let me, Lord, before thee kneeling,
Like the glowing Magdalène,
Pour in tears each bitter feeling,
And be reconciled to pain.

Not with balsams come I to thee,
But with heart-wrung tears of grief ;
Lord, no honor can they do thee,
But to me they bring relief.

VERSÖHNUNG.

Lass', O Herr, zu deinem Füssen,
Gleich der glühenden Magdalene,
Aller Thränen mich vergiessen,
Dass ich mich dem Schmerz versöhne.

Nich mit Balsam, nur mit Zähren,
Herzenquollend' nahe ich ;
Ach ! sie können Dich nicht ehren,
Aber Herr sie trösten mich.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

This is a piece from Uhland, often translated :

There came three comrades, gallant and fine
To a Lady Hostess, over the Rhine.

"Fair Hostess ! hast thou good beer and wine ?
Where hast thou the beautiful daughter thine ?"

"My beer and wine is fresh and clear,
My daughter is lying on her bier."

And as within the room they tread,
In sable coffin lies the dead.

The first one drew the veil away,
And sadly gazed on the senseless clay :

"Ah ! wert thou yet living, thou fairest maid,
I would love thee from this hour," he said.

The second veiled her features o'er,
And turned him thence, and wept full sore :

"Alas ! that thou liest on thy bier !
I have loved thee for so many a year."

The third flung back again the veil,
And kissed her on her lips so pale :

"I've loved thee ever, I love but thee,
I will love thee in eternity."

VOLKSLIED.

Here is a little piece we have not seen in English before :

It is ordained in God's decree,
That men from what they gladliest see
Must part them ;
Though nought in all the world's career,
Can leave the heart so sad and drear
As parting,
Yes, parting !

Thus, if a bud be given to thee,
With water nurse it tenderly ;
Yet know thou,
Tomorrow, if it bloom a rose,
Ere night, the withered flower will close,
That know thou !
Yes, know thou !

And has God given to thee a love,
To prize all other things above,
That keep thou;
It is but for a time thine own,
Then leaves it thee so all alone,
Then weep thou!
Yes, weep thou!

Now must thou understand my strain,
Yes, understand my strain;
When living mortals part in pain,
Say even then, we meet again!
Yes, meet again!

ART. III.—TWO NEW TRINITIES.

1.—*The Trinity: its Scripture Foundation and the early construction of Church Doctrines respecting it.* A Lecture preached at Springfield, Sunday, Oct. 28th, 1849. By GEORGE F. SIMMONS, Minister of the Third Congregational Society.

2.—*A New Gnosis.* [By WILLIAM B. GREENE, a pamphlet of 10 pages.]

THE first of the above works is written in an amiable and conciliating spirit: it is also very impartial, considering that its subject is the Trinity. A person who attempts to coax that doctrine into placid assimilation with his nature, cannot remain perfectly just and genial; for the digestive apparatus will have its little revenges for the imposition. It is a made taste, like that for olives and liquor, and cannot be enjoyed without some atrabiliar nemesis. But there is a mongrel Orthodoxy that, like highly diluted spirit, is comparatively harmless. And, of all Trinities, give us the sentimental Trinity for digestion.

We are not ready yet to propound it as an axiom, that a man's idiosyncrasy decides his theology; but give limits and qualifications in a few directions to a generalization that would otherwise be grossly material, and we have an important truth. A man's theology is not the independent result of his pure reason. Were such a theology, in fact, attainable, it

would be constricted and cheap enough. But it depends upon that precise balance of faculties and sentiments, that special power of each, which any given individual represents, just as various made colors result from the mixture of different shades, so that an individual becomes toned down into a theology that is as inevitable and irreversible for him as is his complexion. It would not be impossible to construct a theological sliding scale, in which various tendencies of character should be matched with their congenial and necessary modes of speculation; not with creeds, but with modes of speculation; for, after all, the essential difference between men is not so much in the formulas and number of articles they subscribe, as in the modes of thought which they exercise upon spiritual things. The differences, then, cannot be very extensive. There are only two radical distinctions, with supplementary ones belonging to each, depending upon culture, sentiment and health of brain. These two involve the natural and the supernatural modes or habits of thought. Supplementary to these, are various ways of holding the doctrines peculiar to each, depending upon that subtle blending which is baptized John, or James, or George. This truth ought to teach us unconditional tolerance, and also save us from that anxious proselyting spirit, which imagines that a man can receive an opinion, on abstract considerations, independent of that special totality of his which must determine the issue, and which through all its alterations must modify the issue. We should as soon expect to see the Chinese successful in converting the Yankees to birdsnest and rat soup. Not that rat soup is positively inadmissible, by the conditions of human nature, any more than is a Trinity, or a quaternity, for it is astonishing what the human stomach will endure. Shipwrecked people, *in extremis*, have eaten each other; but then they were somewhat seasoned in advance for this Kilkenny banquet, by the cannibal acerbities of their theologians. But, after all, it is better for each genus to stick to its providential nutriment.

Mr. Simmons does not seem to be *in extremis*, and yet we find him nibbling at this Trinity. He is a supernaturalist, but that is only one essential antecedent for the gratification of such a taste. He belongs to that class of supernaturalists who, in a doubtful issue between Science and Scripture, would allow to Scripture the casting vote, forgetting that the interpretation which they put upon Scripture is, for the time

being, their science. The right of private judgment within the limits of Scripture, means, the interpretation of Scripture according to individualities more or less orthodox. But Mr. Simmons is a sentimentalist, and that is the determining antecedent of the Trinity which he develops in this lecture. The following sentence illustrates the tone of his mind, and the consequent coloring of his theology: this Trinity "grows up in the retreats of devotion; it is like that flower which is found in shady thickets, and goes by the name of *nodding trillium*, — which, being one of the few which have a triple petal, bends low its blossom, that it may be sheltered under the extended leaves. The root of this plant is said to be medicinal." A supernatural, Scriptural, devout Sentimentalist, who had become acquainted with Tholuck and Neander, had sympathized, from his Unitarian education, with every effort to rationalize evangelical doctrines, and lately, with Bushnell's æsthetic altar-form of Christianity and modal Trinity, could not do otherwise than believe that "the Father redeems us through his Son, in the fellowship of the Spirit. The whole Trinity is there included; nothing of it left out." This is the *nodding trillium* which Mr. Simmons finds in the baptismal formula in Matthew xxviii. 19. In another place, he speaks of the Trinity as "the living disclosure God has made and is making of Himself to man, the scheme of the Bible." This is not a threefold distinction in the nature of the self-subsistent God, but only "that threefold character which He assumes to us." But Mr. Simmons does not affirm that these three phases of God exhaust the Divine nature. To say nothing of the angels, he adds that the religious mind recognizes these four things, — "the Father, Nature, Christ and the Spirit." An ingenious mind might illustrate this quaternity by the four-leaved clover, if Matthew's formula of baptism only contained four terms instead of three; for this Trinity is, after all, only spun out of the above text, and Mr. Simmons is not scientific, when he says that the mind cannot unite any two terms of this Trinity in the same thought. There is his whole difficulty. Waiving all discussion concerning the nature of the Son, we suggest that the two terms, *Father* and *Spirit*, are not only capable of union, but that the term *Father* covers the whole ground of both, practically and religiously. Of what consequence is it, then, how a formula of baptism is worded, if its terms are plainly reducible. The religious mind is not compelled to find its satisfaction in the Trinity of Mr. Simmons,

any more than in that ontological speculation, the Orthodox Trinity, which is the supposed ground and explanation of the other. Mr. Simmons holds the idea, but objects to any attempt to substantiate and explain it. Next to believing a thing which cannot be proved, is that more unfortunate tendency to believe a thing *because* it cannot be proved. When we speak of proving a thing, we do not mean that logical processes can demonstrate every object worthy of our faith. The whole man must advance to the proof of a spiritual problem, and he must test it by his totality of thought and feeling. Then faith in a thing indemonstrable becomes a rational prolongation of reason. But it must not contradict scientific laws; it may pass beyond them, and out of their province, but still it cannot be at variance with them. If it contradicts them, no individual sentiment can make it worthy of belief. Mr. Simmons' Trinity is at variance with scientific laws, inasmuch as it distinguishes the two modes or phases, Father and Spirit. Therefore it is an idiosyncrasy, and not a legitimate object of belief.

This leads us to say a word or two concerning that naturalism which Mr. Simmons rejects with aversion. How could he do otherwise, with his individuality? Will he, nill he, he must reject it, until a fresh shake of the kaleidoscope throws his powers and sentiments into another combination. But, in the meantime, it may be possible to convince all those who sympathize with Mr. Simmons, that Naturalism lacks none of those Christian graces which are claimed as results of a so-called Scriptural scheme, with or without a Trinity. A too sweeping generalization is involved in the statement that under the scheme of Naturalism, "virtue will be the virtue of stoicism, and the mind's soaring will be that of contemplation, not of prayer." We can imagine that to have been penned with the reminiscence of a volume or two of contemplative essays and poems hanging about the writer's sense. If a man is contemplative by nature, his prayer will be contemplative, whether he be a Naturalist, or an ultra Calvinist, or a moderate Unitarian. What an itching there is to fix such characteristics as appear objectionable to any one, or are not in harmony with one, upon this or that creed! But if a man be a stoic, he will display the virtue of stoicism, and all the thirty-nine articles cannot make him more trustful and dependent. When Mr. Simmons proceeds to add that, in the school of Naturalism, "all virtue will be practised under a sense of de-

sersion," and that prayer itself will gradually cease, since "it is the natural fruit only of a faith which connects us by a living tie with God," — we are on the point of growing indignant, and filling the rest of this review with notes of amazement. Whom did Mr. Simmons have in his eye, to designate withal a whole genus? We hasten to disabuse a devout mind of a consideration which must be afflictive to it. No living tie with God? Why, Naturalism is very little else: the merciful, suggesting, humbling, creative presence of God in the intellect and soul of His children, is the central thought from which the whole action and spirituality of the Naturalist proceeds. The consciousness of that great fact has slowly made him what he is, and affection, devoutness, thought, and will, are meekly subordinated to faith in that glorious presence — no, not to the faith, but to the presence. Can virtues grow stern, and can prayer cease, in the heart of any child who lives and thinks, walks the streets and transacts his business, with an absorbing sense of the nearness and the minute solitudes of the Infinite Father? Pray God that Mr. Simmons may become acquainted with the heart of some Naturalist.

Another misconception is contained in the following paragraph: "it may be said that this school make much, on the contrary, of *inspiration*. But they make too much of it. If all is inspired, nothing is inspired. And that presence of God is nothing to me, which I share with the clod." He has here compounded a rare Pantheism with a scientific Naturalism. Is it really predestined in the decrees of God, that a devout Sentimentalist cannot be discriminating? There is much Pantheism among the Absorptionists of the East; there has been some in Germany: a few men, both there and in this country, may have been betrayed from the very excess of a contemplative devoutness, united to a poetic temperament without analysis, into the vagueness of this doctrine. But even to them the presence of God is something more personal, practical and ennobling than it is to a clod. Given a clod, and indeed God's presence will not be very salient and impressive. Given a holy, aspiring soul, and the doctrine is robbed of its horrors. But we venture to affirm, that a legitimate Naturalism in alliance with keen eyed and discriminating science, is fast correcting what little vagueness exists upon the subject of the immanence of God. If Mr. Simmons would successfully oppose the oriental impracticability of Pantheism, he must become a Naturalist and believe in inspiration.

We are, therefore, in full harmony, both by theory and temperament, with that fine passage on the eleventh page of his lecture, where Mr. Simmons speaks of the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, the unfathomable depths of devoutness, and the added grace or power, which secret prayer gives to the justice and discretion of the moralist. It is a fine strain, and indicates the direction of Mr. Simmons' influence. And, again, what wisdom there is, though accidentally overlooked here and there by the utterer, in this passage: "I have, I trust, learned the wisdom of being slow in assailing. My experience has taught me that in this, too, discretion is the better part of valor, and that it is more salutary as well as modest, to explain what we deem to be the truth, than to display with exaggerating emphasis, what we imagine to be the error."

But we can imagine the fiery indignation that will surge in the breasts of some brethren in Boston, whom Mr. Simmons has dressed up in the borrowed plumes of his Trinity. What will the relict of Federal Street say upon the information that he is afflicted, internally, with this theological malady? We think we see his rather enthusiastic protestation and rebuff of the indignity. We can cordially sympathize with all the old fashioned Unitarians, to whom the very word Trinity is anathema, and who detest, above all things, this new dodge of the modal, philosophical and sentimental. When shall we give over flirting with that rather sour and ancient maiden? If we must have a Trinity, let us go back to its primitive simplicity, and have a good solid Hindoo specimen with three Avatars, and innumerable legs and arms. That is better than Mr. Simmons' shadowy Glendower, or Mr. Bushnell's pale ghost of Morven. On the whole, we doubt whether the six pious laymen of Boston, in whose pockets resides the magical test and standard of the theology at Cambridge, will endorse this lecture. Lucky it is, therefore, that Mr. Simmons is already settled.

The New Gnosis, is a little tract upon the Trinity, which might serve as the ontological appendix to Mr. Simmons' lecture. The latter deprecates any attempt "to find a necessary cause and basis, in the being of the Self-subsistent, for that threefold character which He assumes to us." And again, Mr. Simmons exclaims, in a sort of horror, "the thought of mapping the Divine mind would fill any single breast with dismay; it could only be enterprised by coöperating generations." Yet Mr. Greene, undismayed, attempts "that awful leap from the illuminated" of Mr. Simmons, "to the dark" of the New

Gnosis. If *Gnosis* be derived from the Greek verb "to know," this is certainly a new one. Mr. Greene has all the precision of thought, and acute analysis, the lack of which makes Mr. Simmons' lecture so indefinite and sentimental. But no angel, even if he had been a lawyer in the flesh, could render the impossible intelligible. Suppose it necessary to create a Trinity out of whole cloth, and we acknowledge that Mr. Greene's effort is sufficiently ingenious and amusing. Sir Christopher Wren asked the Royal Academy why a fish, being placed in a vessel with water, would not cause it to overflow. It was wonderful to notice the resources of the human mind: the savans narrowly escaped hatching Wren's bad egg into a callow chick, when Charles the Second doubted whether the proposition were a true one. So, numerous people have been asking, how does it happen that the Self-subsistent exists in Trinity? Mr. Simmons, not being metaphysical, generously disdains to examine the mystery, and trustfully makes it the pivot of his faith. Mr. Greene feels piqued at the idea that any thing can be proposed beyond the legitimating powers of logic, and, not being sentimental, sets about demonstrating this unspilled Trinity of water, fish and vessel in unity. It would be a great economy of brains if we said, once for all, it is a joke.

We find the same objection to Mr. Greene's Trinity; that we find to all the previous statements of that doctrine: it is reducible. It is not the need of affirming the personality of God, but the need of simplicity and unity, which leads us to resolve this threefold result of analysis. Mr. Greene says: "the doctrine of the Trinity is an enumeration of the essential elements of the absolute Self-consciousness, and also an affirmation of the Personality of God." So far as the question of the Divine personality is concerned, it is plain that there is no intrinsic necessity for assuming three elements in God, in order to avoid collapsing into Pantheism. We might as well suppose three essential elements in the human Ego, for the sake of keeping it distinct from Nature and Deity. The mode of God's existence, then, may be considered, aloof from all questions, whether theological or philosophical. But why make out three essential elements? Let us examine Mr. Greene's analysis. The Supreme Intelligence is supremely intelligible to Himself. The Supremely Intelligible is the eternal and eternally generated Word. "And the eternal energy of the Supreme Intelligence, whereby to Himself the

Supreme Intelligence becomes Supremely Intelligible, is the Supreme Spirit and Life." Thus, out of chaos is evoked the Father, the Word and the Spirit. They are only elements within the limits of Absolute Consciousness. As if we should say, that the human Ego subsists in its undetermined consciousness, in its determining energy, and in the determinate objectiveness of its consciousness. But could we say this of the human Ego? Not at all: the first element in this Trinity is self-contradictory. If it is *undetermined*, it is not *conscious*, and if *conscious*, then it is *determined*. It is impossible to eliminate energy and objectiveness from the human subject, and leave consciousness: under such a process, the human subject would collapse, and become a negative quantity; not a quantity capable of producing some correlative effect, but a void negation, helpless and immovable. If, to save the consciousness, you make it *determining*, you immediately include, in that single participle, enough to establish a vital Unity, and to forestall the necessity and possibility of a threefold analysis. The human Ego is a determining consciousness; make three terms of it in trying to define its elements, and you destroy the thing itself, because your first term will be a void formula, and not a power, containing and legitimating the other two terms. Now the result is the same in attempting to map out the Absolute Consciousness. The "Supreme Intelligence" of Mr. Greene's Trinity, is nothing in his analysis, but every thing without it. He says it is a cause without its correlative effect, when this correlative effect is that necessary quality, without which it cannot be a cause. An undetermined Supreme Consciousness could never become supremely intelligible to Himself. To eke out his Trinity, Mr. Greene has abolished the Divine substance itself. His anatomy has exsanguinated his subject. The Supreme cannot be Intelligence, without being contemporaneously intelligible to Himself. Neither can the order be reversed; the Supremely Intelligible, which is the Word, cannot be put in the place of the Supreme Intelligence, which passes for the Father. Nor does it help the matter, to say that the Word is eternal, and eternally generated. That does not save the determining power of the Supreme Intelligence, it simply makes the Word and the Intelligence identical; and that is the very result which renders this Trinity superfluous. Its elements must be reduced, to secure the existence of its primordial one; and when you have done that, the primordial element becomes *the irresolvable thing* itself, which you have

analyzed into a Trinity. And further than this: the reduction of its elements to secure the existence of the first, has plainly removed the need of that mediating energy whereby the Supreme Intelligence becomes Supremely Intelligible to Himself. The Spirit can no longer exist as a separate essential element, since it could never make God Supremely Intelligible, if He were not so already, by being the Supreme Intelligence. And if God has really been, from all eternity, a determining consciousness, a Supreme Intelligence, He has been something as stubbornly irresolvable as an undecomposed empyreal substance, whose simplicity baffles chemistry. If He has not been, from all eternity, a determining consciousness, a cause realized, then He has not been at all.

We object, therefore, to Mr. Greene's theory of Creation, so far as his logic makes it essentially dependent upon the Deity, as thus analyzed by him. But there are a few sentences which, removed from their sequence, are striking and elevating. He says: "This Universe is a Divine process of thought, the development of an infinite and eternal Poem. The Supreme thinks the Universe, and that thought is its existence." It would extend this notice too much, to show in what respects our cosmogony differs from Mr. Greene's, and is independent of his absolutely conditioning Trinity; but we can receive many of his fine sayings without feeling compromised to his premise. In a note he has the following magnificent passage, in illustration of the cosmic separation of individuals by the *out-speaking* of the Word, and the resultant order:

"At the word, *Inspection of Arms!* I have seen innumerable rammers, revolving in the hand, reflect at the same moment the rays of the morning sun. In the beginning of time, the Almighty assumed the command of His army in person; He uttered His voice before His host; He gave the word of command *IHI AOR!* and immediately there rolled from the infinite abyss under darkness, this immeasurable universe of revolving worlds, dilating itself like an avalanche of visible glory, through inexhaustible spheres. There was the ringing crash of the jubilant creation, and afterwards fixed order, and a silence that might be felt; for, in this crash, the relations of *time* and *space* had thundered into being."

Ponder the diction in which Mr. Greene has clothed the above exalted conception; it will appear turgid and affected until you have reproduced the image. Ever since an army officer saw the sun go down, "with his battle-stained eye,"

we have doubted whether lieutenants were capable of any poetry, except that of action. This Miltonic note redeems the character of the army, and — we were on the point of saying — of the Florida War itself. If General Taylor gave that command, "Inspection of Arms," we are reconciled to his election; and if the flash and ring of "innumerable rammers," would always linger in the memory as the filament of figures as noble as this one, we should be the sworn foes of the Peace Society. But we are persuaded that neither angels, nor principalities, nor powers, "nor any other creature," can make a Trinity out of a necessarily undecomposable Unity.

THE WRITINGS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

- 1.—*Nature, &c.* Boston. 1836. 1 vol. 12mo.
- 2.—*Essays.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston. 1841. 1 vol. 12mo.
- 3.—*Essays. Second Series.* By R. W. EMERSON. Ibid. 1844. 1 vol. 12mo.
- 4.—*Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Ibid. 1847. 1 vol. 12mo.
- 5.—*Nature, Addresses and Orations.* By R. W. EMERSON. Ibid. 1849. 1 vol. 12mo.
- 6.—*Representative Men: Seven Lectures.* By R. W. EMERSON. Ibid. 1850. 1 vol. 12mo.

WHEN a hen lays an egg in the farmer's mow, she cackles quite loud and long. "See," says the complacent bird, "see what an egg I have laid!" all the other hens cackle in sympathy, and seem to say, "what a nice egg has got laid! was there ever such a family of hens as our family?" But the cackling is heard only a short distance, in the neighboring barnyards; a few yards above, the blue sky is silent. By and by the rest will drop their daily burthen, and she will cackle with them in sympathy—but ere long the cackling is still; the egg has done its service, been addled, or eaten, or perhaps proved fertile of a chick, and it is forgotten, as well as the cackler who laid the ephemeral thing. But when an acorn in June first uncloses its shell, and the young oak puts out its earliest shoot, there is no noise; none attending its growth,

yet it is destined to last some half a thousand years as a living tree, and serve as long after that for sound timber. Slowly and in silence, unseen in the dim recesses of the earth, the diamond gets formed by small accretions, age after age. There is no cackling in the caverns of the deep, as atom journeys to its fellow atom and the crystal is slowly getting made, to shine on the bosom of loveliness, or glitter in the diadem of an emperor, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

As with eggs, so is it with little books, when one of them is laid in some bookseller's mow, the parent and the literary barnyard are often full of the foolishhest cackle, and seem as happy as the ambiguous offspring of frogs, in some shallow pool, in early summer. But by and by it is again with the books as with the eggs; the old noise is all hushed, and the little books all gone, while new authors are at the same work again.

Gentle reader, we will not find fault with such books, they are as useful as eggs; yea, they are indispensable; the cackle of authors, and that of hens—why should they not be allowed? Is it not written that all things shall work after their kind, and so produce; and does not this rule extend from the hen-roost to the American Academy and all the Royal Societies of Literature in the world? Most certainly. But when a great book gets written, it is published with no fine flourish of trumpets; the world does not speedily congratulate itself on the accession made to its riches; the book must wait awhile for its readers. Literary gentlemen of the tribe of Bavius and Mævius are popular in their time, and get more praise than bards afterwards famous. What audience did Athens and Florence give to their Socrates and their Dante? What price did Milton get for the *Paradise Lost*; how soon did men appreciate Shakspeare? Not many years ago, George Steevens, who “edited” the works of that bard, thought an “Act of Parliament was not strong enough” to make men read his sonnets, though they bore the author up to a great height of fame, and he sat where Steevens “durst not soar.” In 1686, there had been four editions of *Flatman's Poems*; five of *Waller's*; eight of *Cowley's*; but in eleven years, of the *Paradise Lost* only three thousand copies were sold; yet the edition was cheap, and *Norris of Bemerton* went through eight or nine editions in a quite short time. For forty-one years, from 1623 to 1664, England was satisfied with two editions of Shakspeare, making, perhaps, one thousand copies in all.

Says Mr. Wordsworth of these facts: "There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere." Mr. Wordsworth himself, furnishes another example. Which found the readiest welcome, the *Excursion* and the *Lyrical Poems* of that writer, or Mr. Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*? How many a little philosophist in Germany went up in his rocket-like ascension, while the bookseller at Königsberg despaired over the unsaleable sheets of Immanuel Kant!

Says an Eastern proverb, "the sage is the instructor of a hundred ages," so he can afford to wait till one or two be past away, abiding with the few, waiting for the fit and the many. Says a writer:

"There is somewhat touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckinghams; and lets pass, without a single valuable note, the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered, — the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and minds to receive this and not another bias. A popular player, — nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men, as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took the inventory of the human understanding for his times, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he has conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two.

"If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakspeare's time should be capable of recognizing it. . . . Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; — yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable. You cannot see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed, after his death, did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear. It was not possible to write the history of Shakspeare till now."

It is now almost fourteen years since Mr. Emerson published his first book: *Nature*. A beautiful work it was and

will be deemed for many a year to come. In this old world of literature, with more memory than wit, with much tradition and little invention, with more fear than love, and a great deal of criticism upon very little poetry, there came forward this young David, a shepherd, but to be a king, "with his garlands and singing robes about him;" one note upon his new and fresh-strung lyre was "worth a thousand men." Men were looking for something original, they always are; when it came, some said it thundered, others that an angel had spoke. How men wondered at the little book! It took nearly twelve years to sell the five hundred copies of *Nature*. Since that time Mr. Emerson has said much, and if he has not printed many books, at least has printed much; some things far surpassing the first essay, in richness of material, in perfection of form, in continuity of thought; but nothing which has the same youthful freshness, and the same tender beauty as this early violet, blooming out of Unitarian and Calvinistic sand or snow. Poems and essays of a later date, are there, which show that he has had more time and woven it into life; works which present us with thought deeper, wider, richer, and more complete, but not surpassing the simplicity and loveliness of that maiden flower of his poetic spring.

We know how true it is, that a man cannot criticize what he cannot comprehend, nor comprehend either a man or a work greater than himself. Let him get on a Quarterly never so high, it avails him nothing; "pyramids are pyramids in vales," and emmets are emmets even in a Review. Critics often afford an involuntary proof of this adage, yet grow no wiser by the experience. Few of our tribe can make the simple shrift of the old Hebrew poet, and say, "*we* have not exercised ourselves in great matters, nor in things too high for *us*." Sundry Icarian critics have we seen, wending their wearying way on waxen wing to overtake the eagle flight of Emerson; some of them have we known getting near enough to see a fault, to overtake a feather falling from his wing, and with that tumbling to give name to a sea, if one cared to notice to what depth they fell.

Some of the criticisms on Mr. Emerson, transatlantic and cisatlantic, have been very remarkable, not to speak more definitely. "What of this new book?" said Mr. Public to the reviewer, who was not "seized and tied down to judge," but of his own free will stood up and answered: "Oh! 't is out of all plumb, my lord — quite an irregular thing! not one

of the angles at the four corners is a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket. And for the poem, your lordship bid me look at it — upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home, upon an exact scale of Bossu's — they are out, my lord, in every one of their dimensions."

Oh, gentle reader, we have looked on these efforts of our brother critics not without pity. There is an excellent bird, terrene, marine, and semi-aerial; a broad-footed bird, broad-beaked, broad-backed, broad-tailed; a notable bird she is, and a long lived; a useful bird, once indispensable to writers, as furnishing the pen, now fruitful in many a hint. But when she undertakes to criticize the music of the thrush, or the movement of the humming bird, why, she oversteps the modesty of her nature, and if she essays the flight of the eagle — she is fortunate if she falls only upon the water. "No man," says the law, "may stultify himself." Does not this canon apply to critics? No, the critic may do so. Suicide is a felony, but if a critic only slay himself critically, dooming himself to "hoise with his own petard," why 't is to be forgiven

"That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap our mortal state."

In a place where there were no Quarterly Journals, the voracious historian Sir Walter Scott, relates that Claud Halcro, ambitious of fame, asked his fortune of an Orcadian soothsayer:

"Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,
Long after Halcro's dead and gone?
Or shall Hialtland's minstrel own,
One note to rival glorious John?"

She answers, that as things work after their kind, the result is after the same kind:

"The eagle mounts the polar sky,
The Imber-goose unskilled to fly,
Must be content to glide along
When seal and sea-dog list his song."

We are warned by the fate of our predecessors, when their example does not guide us; we confess not only our inferiority to Mr. Emerson, but our consciousness of the fact, and believe that they should "judge others who themselves excel," and that authors, like others on trial, should be judged by their peers. So we will not call this a criticism, which we are about to

write on Mr. Emerson, only an attempt at a contribution towards a criticism, hoping that in due time, some one will come and do faithfully and completely, what it is not yet time to accomplish, still less within our power to do.

All of Mr. Emerson's literary works, with the exception of the Poems, were published before they were printed; delivered by word of mouth to various audiences. In frequently reading his pieces, he had an opportunity to see any defect of form and amend it. Mr. Emerson has won by his writings a more desirable reputation, than any other man of letters in America has yet attained. It is not the reputation which brings him money or academic honors, or membership of learned societies; nor does it appear conspicuously in the literary Journals as yet. But he has a high place among thinking men, on both sides of the water; we think no man who writes the English tongue has now so much influence in forming the opinions and character of young men and women. His audience steadily increases, at home and abroad, more rapidly in England than America. It is now with him as it was, at first, with Dr. Channing; the fairest criticism has come from the other side of the water; the reason is that he, like his predecessor, offended the sectarian and party spirit, the personal prejudices of the men about him; his life was a reproach to them, his words an offence, or his doctrines alarmed their sectarian, their party, or their personal pride, and they accordingly condemned the man. A writer who should bear the same relation to the English mind as Emerson to ours, for the same reason would be more acceptable here than at home. Emerson is neither a sectarian nor a partisan, no man less so; yet few men in America have been visited with more hatred,—private personal hatred, which the authors poorly endeavored to conceal, and perhaps did hide from themselves. The spite we have heard expressed against him, by men of the common morality, would strike a stranger with amazement, especially when it is remembered that his personal character and daily life are of such extraordinary loveliness. This hatred has not proceeded merely from ignorant men, in whom it could easily be excused; but more often from men who have had opportunities of obtaining as good a culture as men commonly get in this country. Yet while he has been the theme of vulgar abuse, of sneers and ridicule in public, and in private; while critics, more remarkable for the venom of their poison than the strength of their bow, have shot at him their

little shafts, barbed more than pointed, he has also drawn about him some of what old Drayton called "the idle smoke of praise." Let us see what he has thrown into the public fire to cause this incense; what he has done to provoke the incredible rage of certain other men; let us see what there is in his works, of old or new, true or false, what American and what cosmopolitan; let us weigh his works with such imperfect scales as we have, weigh them by the universal standard of Beauty, Truth and Love, and make an attempt to see what he is worth.

American literature may be distributed into two grand divisions: namely, the permanent literature, consisting of books not written for a special occasion, books which are bound between hard covers; and the transient literature, written for some special occasion and not designed to last beyond that. Our permanent literature is almost wholly an imitation of old models. The substance is old, and the form old. There is nothing American about it. But as our writers are commonly quite deficient in literary culture and scientific discipline, their productions seem poor when compared with the imitative portion of the permanent literature in older countries, where the writers start with a better discipline and a better acquaintance with letters and art. This inferiority of culture is one of the misfortunes incident to a new country, especially to one where practical talent is so much, and so justly preferred to merely literary accomplishment and skill. This lack of culture is yet more apparent, in general, in the transient literature, which is produced mainly by men who have had few advantages for intellectual discipline in early life, and few to make acquaintance with books at a later period. That portion of our literature is commonly stronger and more American, but it is often coarse and rude. The permanent literature is imitative; the other is rowdy. But we have now no time to dwell upon this theme, which demands a separate paper.

Mr. Emerson is the most American of our writers. The Idea of America, which lies at the bottom of our original institutions, appears in him with great prominence. We mean the idea of personal freedom, of the dignity and value of human nature, the superiority of a man to the accidents of a man. Emerson is the most republican of republicans, the most protestant of the dissenters. Serene as a July sun, he is equally fearless. He looks every thing in the face modestly, but with earnest scrutiny, and passes judgment upon

its merits. Nothing is too high for his examination ; nothing too sacred. On earth only one thing he finds which is thoroughly venerable, and that is the nature of man ; not the accidents, which make a man rich or famous, but the substance, which makes him a man. The man is before the institutions of man ; his nature superior to his history. All finite things are only appendages of man, useful, convenient, or beautiful. Man is master, and nature his slave, serving for many a varied use. The results of human experience — the state, the church, society, the family, business, literature, science, art — all of these are subordinate to man : if they serve the individual, he is to foster them, if not, to abandon them and seek better things. He looks at all things, the past and the present, the state and the church, Christianity and the market-house, in the daylight of the intellect. Nothing is allowed to stand between him and his manhood. Hence, there is an apparent irreverence ; he does not bow to any hat which Gessler has set up for public adoration, but to every man, canonical or profane, who bears the mark of native manliness. He eats show-bread, if he is hungry. While he is the most American, he is almost the most cosmopolitan of our writers, the least restrained and belittled by the popular follies of the nation or the age.

In America, writers are commonly kept in awe and subdued by fear of the richer class, or that of the mass of men. Mr. Emerson has small respect for either ; would bow as low to a lackey as a lord, to a clown as a scholar, to one man as a million. He spurns all constitutions but the law of his own nature, rejecting them with manly scorn. The traditions of the churches are no hindrances to his thought ; Jesus or Judas were the same to him, if either stood in his way and hindered the proportionate development of his individual life. The forms of society and the ritual of scholarship are no more effectual restraints. His thought of today is no barrier to freedom of thought tomorrow, for his own nature is not to be subordinated, either to the history of man, or his own history. "Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new," is his motto.

Yet, with all this freedom, there is no wilful display of it. He is so confident of his freedom, so perfectly possessed of his rights, that he does not talk of them. They appear, but are not spoken of. With the hopefulness and buoyant liberty of America, he has none of our ill-mannered boasting. He crit-

icizes America often; he always appreciates it; he seldom praises, and never brags of our country. The most democratic of democrats, no disciple of the old régime is better mannered, for it is only the vulgar democrat or aristocrat who flings his follies in your face. While it would be difficult to find a writer so uncompromising in his adhesion to just principles, there is not in all his works a single jeer or ill-natured sarcasm. None is less addicted to the common forms of reverence, but who is more truly reverential?

While his Idea is American, the form of his literature is not less so. It is a form which suits the substance, and is modified by the institutions and natural objects about him. You see that the author lives in a land with free institutions, with town-meetings and ballot-boxes; in the vicinity of a decaying church; amongst men whose terrible devils are Poverty and Social Neglect, the only devils whose damnation is much cared for. His geography is American. Katskill and the Alleghanies, Monadnock, Wachusett, and the uplands of New Hampshire, appear in poetry or prose; Contocook and Agiochook are better than the Ilyssus, or Pactolus, or "smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds." New York, Fall River, and Lowell have a place in his writings, where a vulgar Yankee would put Thebes or Pæstum. His men and women are American—John and Jane, not Coriolanus and Persephone. He tells of the rhodora, the club-moss, the blooming clover, not of the hibiscus and the asphodel. He knows the humblebee, the blackbird, the bat, and the wren, and is not ashamed to say or sing of the things under his own eyes. He illustrates his high thought by common things out of our plain New England life—the meeting in the church, the Sunday school, the dancing-school, a huckleberry party, the boys and girls hastening home from school, the youth in the shop, beginning an unconscious courtship with his unheeding customer, the farmers about their work in the fields, the bustling trader in the city, the cattle, the new hay, the voters at a town-meeting, the village brawler in a tavern full of tipsy riot, the conservative who thinks the nation is lost if his ticket chance to miscarry, the bigot worshipping the knot hole through which a dusty beam of light has looked in upon his darkness, the radical who declares that nothing is good if established, and the patent reformer who screams in your ears that he can finish the world with a single touch,—and out of all these he makes his poetry, or illustrates his philosophy. Now and then

he wanders off to other lands, reports what he has seen, but it is always an American report of what an American eye saw. Even Mr. Emerson's recent exaggerated praise of England is such a panegyric as none but an American could bestow.

We know an American artist who is full of American scenery. He makes good drawings of Tivoli and Subiaco, but, to color them, he dips his pencil in the tints of the American heaven, and over his olive trees and sempervives, his asses and his priests, he sheds the light only of his native sky. So is it with Mr. Emerson. Give him the range of the globe, it is still an American who travels.

Yet with this indomitable nationality, he has a culture quite cosmopolitan and extraordinary in a young nation like our own. Here is a man familiar with books, not with many, but the best books, which he knows intimately. He has kept good company. Two things impress you powerfully and continually — the man has seen nature, and been familiar with books. His literary culture is not a varnish on the surface; not a mere polish of the outside; it has penetrated deep into his consciousness. The salutary effect of literary culture, is more perceptible in Emerson than in any American that we know, save one, a far younger man, and of great promise, of whom we shall speak at some other time.

We just now mentioned that our writers were sorely deficient in literary culture. Most of them have only a smattering of learning, but some have read enough, read and remembered with ability to quote. Here is one who has evidently read much, his subject required it, or his disposition, or some accident in his history furnished the occasion; but his reading appears only in his quotations, or references in the margin. His literature has not penetrated his soul and got incorporated with his whole consciousness. You see that he has been on Parnassus, by the huge bouquet, pedantic in its complexity, that he affronts you with; not by the odor of the flowers he has trampled or gathered in his pilgrimage, not by Parnassian dust clinging to his shoes, or mountain vigor in his eye. The rose gatherer smells of his sweets, and needs not prick you with the thorn to apprise you of what he has dealt in.

Here is another writer who has studied much in the various literatures of the world, but has lost himself therein. Books supersede things, art stands between him and nature, his figures are from literature not from the green world. Nationali-

ty is gone. A traveller on the ocean of letters, he has a mistress in every port, and a lodging place where the night overtakes him; all flags are the same to him, all climes; he has no wife, no home, no country. He has dropped nationality, and in becoming a cosmopolitan, has lost his citizenship everywhere. So, with all Christendom and heathendom for his metropolis, he is an alien everywhere in the wide world. He has no literary inhabitiveness. Now he studies one author, and is the penumbra thereof for a time; now another, with the same result. Trojan or Tyrian is the same to him, and he is Trojan or Tyrian as occasion demands. A thin vapory comet, with small momentum of its own, he is continually deflected from his natural course by the attraction of other and more substantial bodies, till he has forgotten that he ever had any orbit of his own, and dangles in the literary sky, now this way drawn, now that, his only certain movement an oscillation. With a chameleon variability, he attaches himself to this or the other writer, and for the time, his own color disappears and he along with it.

With Emerson, all is very different; his literary culture is of him, and not merely on him. His learning appears not in his quotations, but in his talk. It is the wine itself, and not the vintner's brand on the cask, which shows its quality. In his reading and his study, he is still his own master. He has not purchased his education with the loss of his identity, not of his manhood; nay, he has not forgotten his kindred in getting his culture. He is still the master of himself; no man provokes him even into a momentary imitation. He keeps his individuality with maidenly asceticism, and with a conscience rarely found amongst literary men. Virgil homerizes, hesiodizes, and plays Theocritus now and then. Emerson plays Emerson, always Emerson. He honors Greece, and is not a stranger with her noblest sons; he pauses as a learner before the lovely muse of Germany; he bows low with exaggerating reverence before the practical skill of England, but no one, nor all of these have power to subdue that serene and upright intellect. He rises from the oracle he stooped to consult just as erect as before. His reading gives a certain richness to his style, which is more literary than that of any American writer that we remember; as much so as that of Jeremy Taylor. He takes much for granted in his reader, as if he were addressing men who had read every thing, and wished to be reminded of what they had read. In classic times, there was no reading

public, only a select audience of highly cultivated men. It was so in England once; the literature of that period indicates the fact. Only religious and dramatic works were designed for pit, box, and gallery. Nobody can speak more clearly and more plainly than Emerson, but take any one of his essays or orations, and you see that he does not write in the language of the mass of men, more than Thucydides or Tacitus. His style is allusive, as an ode of Horace or Pindar, and the allusions are to literature which is known to but few. Hence, while his thought is human in substance, and American in its modifications, and therefore easily grasped, comprehended, and welcomed by men of the commonest culture, it is but few who understand the entire meaning of the sentences which he writes. His style reflects American scenery, and is dimpled into rare beauty as it flows by, and so has a pleasing fascination, but it reflects also the literary scenery of his own mind, and so half of his thought is lost on half his readers. Accordingly no writer or lecturer finds a readier access for his thoughts to the mind of the people at large, but no American author is less intelligible to the people in all his manifold meaning and beauty of allusion. He has not completely learned to think with the sagest sages and then put his thoughts into the plain speech of plain men. Every word is intelligible in the massive speech of Mr. Webster, and has its effect, while Emerson has still something of the imbecility of the scholar, as compared to the power of the man of action, whose words fall like the notes of the wood-thrush, each in its time and place, yet without picking and choosing. "Blacksmiths and teamsters do not trip in their speech," says he, "it is a shower of bullets. It is Cambridge men who correct themselves, and begin again at every half sentence; and moreover, will pun and refine too much, and swerve from the matter to the expression." But of the peculiarities of his style we shall speak again.

Emerson's works do not betray any exact scholarship, which has a certain totality, as well as method about it. It is plain to see that his favorite authors have been Plutarch, especially that outpouring of his immense common-place book, his "Moral Writings," Montaigne, Shakspeare, George Herbert, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle. Of late years, his works contain allusions to the ancient oriental literature, from which he has borrowed some hard names and some valuable thoughts, but is occasionally led astray by its influence,

for it is plain that he does not understand that curious philosophy he quotes from. Hence his oriental allies are brought up to take a stand which no man dreamed of in their time, and made to defend ideas not known to men till long after these antediluvian sages were at rest in their graves.

In Emerson's writings, you do not see indications of exact mental discipline, so remarkable in Bacon, Milton, Taylor, and South, in Schiller, Lessing, and Schleiermacher; neither has he the wide range of mere literature noticeable in all other men. He works up scientific facts in his writings with great skill, often penetrating beyond the fact, and discussing the idea out of which it, and many other kindred facts seem to have proceeded: this indicates not only a nice eye for facts, but a mind singularly powerful to detect latent analogies, and see the one in the many. Yet there is nothing to show any regular and systematic discipline in science which appears so eminently in Schiller and Hegel. He seems to learn his science from occasional conversation with men of science, or from statements of remarkable discoveries in the common Journals, not from a careful and regular study of facts or treatises.

With all his literary culture he has an intense love of nature, a true sight and appreciation thereof; not the analytic eye of the naturalist, but the synthetic vision of the poet. A book never clouds his sky. His figures are drawn from nature, he sees the fact. No chart of nature hangs up in his windows to shut out nature herself. How well he says:

"If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile. . . . "To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs

through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, — he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, — no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, — my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances, — master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature. . . .

“The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sun-rise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements? Give me health and a day, and I will make the vomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie;

broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams."—*Nature*, pp. 9 — 10, 11 — 13, 21 — 22.

Most writers are demonized or possessed by some one truth, or perhaps some one whim. Look where they will, they see nothing but that. Mr. Emerson holds himself erect, and no one thing engrosses his attention, no one idea; no one intellectual faculty domineers over the rest. Sensation does not dim reflection, nor does his thought lend its sickly hue to the things about him. Even Goethe, with all his boasted equilibrium, held his intellectual faculties less perfectly in hand than Emerson. He has no hobbies to ride; even his fondness for the ideal and the beautiful, does not hinder him from obstinately looking real and ugly things in the face. He carries the American idea of freedom into his most intimate personality, and keeps his individuality safe and sacred. He cautions young men against stooping their minds to other men. He knows no master. Sometimes this is carried to an apparent excess, and he underrates the real value of literature, afraid lest the youth become a bookworm, and not a man thinking. But how well he says:

"Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views, which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries, when they wrote these books. Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm.

"Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. . . . The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead: man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. . . .

"The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some

great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,—happy enough, if he can satisfy himself alone, that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns, that in going down into the secrets of his own mind, he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that, which men in crowded cities find true for them also.” — *Nature and Addresses*, pp. 85, 85 — 86, 98 — 99.

To us the effect of Emerson's writings is profoundly religious; they stimulate to piety, the love of God, to goodness as the love of man. We know no living writer, in any language, who exercises so powerful a religious influence as he. Most young persons, not ecclesiastical, will confess this. We know he is often called hard names on pretence that he is not religious. We remember once being present at a meeting of gentlemen, scholarly men some of them, after the New England standard of scholarship, who spent the evening in debating “Whether Ralph Waldo Emerson was a Christian.” The opinion was quite generally entertained that he was not; for “discipleship was necessary to Christianity.” “And the essence of Christian discipleship” was thought to consist in “sitting at the feet of our blessed Lord (pronounced Laawd!) and calling him Master, which Emerson certainly does not do.” We value Christianity as much as most men, and the name Christian is to us very dear; but when we remembered the character, the general tone and conduct of the men who arrogate to themselves the name Christian, and seem to think they have a right to monopolize the Holy Spirit of Religion, and “shove away the worthy bidden guest,” the whole thing reminded us of a funny story related by an old writer: “It was once proposed in the British House of Commons, that James Usher, afterward the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, but then a

young man, should be admitted to the assembly of the "King's Divines." The proposition, if we remember rightly, gave rise to some debate, upon which John Selden, a younger man than Usher, but highly distinguished and much respected, rose and said that it reminded him of a proposition which might be made, that Inigo Jones, the famous architect, should be admitted to the worshipful company of Mousetrap Makers!"

Mr. Emerson's writings are eminently religious; christian in the best sense of that word. This has often been denied for two reasons: because Mr. Emerson sets little value on the mythology of the Christian sects, no more perhaps than on the mythology of the Greeks and the Scandinavians, and also because his writings far transcend the mechanical morality and formal pietism, commonly recommended by gentlemen in pulpits. Highly religious, he is not at all ecclesiastical or bigoted. He has small reverence for forms and traditions; a manly life is the only form of religion which he recognizes, and hence we do not wonder at all that he also has been deemed an infidel. It would be very surprising if it were not so. Still it is not religion that is most conspicuous in these volumes; that is not to be looked for except in the special religious literature, yet we must confess that any one of Emerson's works seems far more religious than what are commonly called "good books," including the class of sermons.

To show what is in Mr. Emerson's books and what is not, let us make a little more detailed examination thereof. He is not a logical writer, not systematic; not what is commonly called philosophical; didactic to a great degree, but never demonstrative. So we are not to look for a scientific plan, or for a system, of which the author is himself conscious. Still, in all sane men, there must be a system, though the man does not know it. There are two ways of reporting upon an author: one is to represent him by specimens, the other to describe him by analysis; one to show off a finger or foot of the Venus de Medici, the other to give the dimensions thereof. We will attempt both and will speak of Mr. Emerson's starting point, his *terminus a quo*; then of his method of procedure, his *via in qua*; then of the conclusion he arrives at, his *terminus ad quem*. In giving the dimensions of his statue, we shall exhibit also some of the parts described.

Most writers, knowingly or unconsciously, take as their point of departure some special and finite thing. This man starts from a tradition, the philosophical tradition of Aristotle, Plato,

Leibnitz or Locke, this from the theological tradition of the Protestants or the Catholics and never will dare get out of sight of his authorities ; he takes the bearing of every thing from his tradition. Such a man may sail the sea for ages, he arrives nowhere at the last. Our traditionist must not outgo his tradition ; the Catholic must not get beyond his church, nor the Protestant outtravel his Bible. Others start from some fixed fact, a sacrament, a constitution, the public opinion, the public morality, or the popular religion. This they are to defend at all hazards ; of course they will retain all falsehood and injustice which favor this institution, and reject all justice and truth which oppose the same. Others pretend to start from God, but in reality do take their departure from a limited conception of God, from the Hebrew notion of Him, or the Catholic notion, from the Calvinistic or the Unitarian notion of God. By and by they are hindered and stopped in their progress. The philosophy of these three classes of men, is always vitiated by the prejudice they start with :

Mr. Emerson takes Man for his point of departure, he means to take the whole of man ; man with his history, man with his nature, his sensational, intellectual, moral, affectional and religious instincts and faculties. With him man is the measure of all things, of ideas and of facts ; if they fit man they are accepted, if not, thrown aside. This appears in his first book and in his last :

"The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face ; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe ? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by a revelation to us, and not the history of theirs ? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe ? The sun shines today also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship." — *Nature*, pp. 5 — 6.

Again he speaks in a higher mood of the same theme :

"That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, Obey thyself. That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a

necessary reason for my being. Already the long shadows of untimely oblivion creep over me, and I shall de cease forever."

"Wherever a man comes, there comes revolution. The old is for slaves. When a man comes, all books are legible, all things transparent, all religions are forms. He is religious. Man is the wonder worker. He is seen amid miracles. All men bless and curse. He saith yea and nay, only. The stationariness of religion; the assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man; indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology. It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake."

"Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone; to refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you shall find who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, Saints and Prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, 'I also am a man.' Imitation cannot go above its model. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it, because it was natural to him, and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he be-reaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's.

Yourself a newborn bard of the Holy Ghost, — cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity. Look to it first and only, that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money, are nothing to you, — are not bandages over your eyes, that you cannot see, — but live the privilege of the immeasurable mind."—*Nature, Addresses, &c.*, pp. 127 — 128, 139 — 140, 141.

"Let man then learn the revelation of all nature, and all thought to his heart: this, namely; that the Highest dwells with him; that the sources of nature are in his own mind, if the sentiment of duty is there. But if he would know what the great God speaketh, he must 'go into his closet and shut the door,' as Jesus said. God will not make Himself manifest to cowards. He must greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotion. Their prayers even are hurtful to him, until he have made his own. The soul makes no appeal from itself. Our religion vulgarly stands on numbers of believers. Whenever the appeal is made, — no matter how indirectly, — to numbers, proclamation is then and there made, that religion is not. He that finds God a sweet, enveloping thought to him, never counts his company. When I sit in that presence, who shall dare to come in? When I rest in perfect humility, when I burn with pure love, — what can Calvin or Swedenborg say?"—*Essays*, p. 243.

And again in his latest publication :

"The gods of fable are the shining moments of great men. We run all our vessels into one mould. Our colossal theologies of Judaism, Christism, Buddhism, Mahometism, are the necessary and structural action of the human mind."

"Man is that noble endogenous plant which grows, like the palm, from within, outward. . . . I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty ; he has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light, and in large relations ; whilst they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error."

"The genius of humanity is the right point of view of history. . . . For a time our teachers serve us personally, as metres or milestones of progress. Once they were angels of knowledge, and their figures touched the sky. Then we drew near, saw their means, culture, and limits ; and they yielded their place to other geniuses. Happy, if a few names remain so high, that we have not been able to read them nearer, and age and comparison have not robbed them of a ray. But, at last, we shall cease to look in men for completeness, and shall content ourselves with their social and delegated quality."

"Yet, within the limits of human education and agency, we may say, great men exist that there may be greater men. The destiny of organized nature is amelioration, and who can tell its limits ? It is for man to tame the chaos ; on every side, whilst he lives, to scatter the seeds of science and of song, that climate, corn, animals, men, may be milder, and the germs of love and benefit may be multiplied."

"The world is young ; the former great men call to us affectionately. We too must write Bibles, to unite again the heavens and the earthly world. The secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us ; to realize all that we know ; in the high refinement of modern life, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose ; and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use."—*Representative Men*, pp. 10 — 11, 12, 38, 39 — 40, 284 — 285.

In this Emerson is more American than America herself — and is himself the highest exponent in literature of this Idea of human freedom and the value of man. Channing talks of the dignity of human nature, his great and brilliant theme ; but he commonly, perhaps always subordinates the nature of man to some of the accidents of his history. This Emerson never does ; no, not once in all his works, nor in all his life. Still we think it is not the whole of man from which he starts,

that he undervalues the logical, demonstrative and historical Understanding, with the results thereof, and also undervalues the Affections. Hence his Man, who is the measure of all things, is not the complete man. This defect appears in his ethics, which are a little cold, the ethics of marble men; and in his religious teachings, the highest which this age has furnished, full of reverence, full of faith, but not proportionably rich in affection.

Mr. Emerson has a method of his own as plainly marked as that of Lord Bacon or Descartes, and as rigidly adhered to. It is not the inductive method by which you arrive at a general fact from many particular facts, but never reach a universal law; it is not the deductive method, whereby a minor law is derived from a major, a special from a general law; it is neither inductive nor deductive demonstration. But Emerson proceeds by the way of intuition, sensational or spiritual. Go to the fact and look for yourself, is his command: a material fact you cannot always verify, and so for that must depend on evidence; a spiritual fact you can always legitimate for yourself. Thus he says:

"That which seems faintly possible — it is so refined, is often faint and dim because it is deepest seated in the mind among the eternal verities. Empirical science is apt to cloud the sight, and, by the very knowledge of functions and processes, to bereave the student of the manly contemplation of the whole. The savant becomes unpoetic. But the best read naturalist who lends an entire and devout attention to truth, will see that there remains much to learn of his relation to the world, and that it is not to be learned by any addition or subtraction or other comparison of known quantities, but is arrived at by untaught sallies of the spirit, by a continual self-recovery, and by entire humility. He will perceive that there are far more excellent qualities in the student than preciseness and infallibility; that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments."

"Every surmise and vaticination of the mind is entitled to a certain respect, and we learn to prefer imperfect theories, and sentences, which contain glimpses of truth, to digested systems which have no one valuable suggestion. A wise writer will feel that the ends of study and composition are best answered by announcing undiscovered regions of thought, and so communicating, through hope, new activity to the torpid spirit."—*Nature*, pp. 82 — 83, 86 — 87.

And again:

"Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite him to history or reconcile him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily, their own piety explains every fact, every word."

"The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them, and proceedeth obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceedeth. We first share the life by which things exist, and afterwards see them as appearances in nature, and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the fountain of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, of that inspiration of man which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, — all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. . . . Perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time, all mankind, — although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun."

"The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh, he should communicate not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice, should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the centre of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now and absorbs past and future into the present hour."

"The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth. We know truth when we see it, let skeptic and scoffer say what they choose. Foolish people ask you, when you have spoken what they do not wish to hear, 'how do you know it is truth, and not an error of your own?' We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we are awake that we are awake."

"The great distinction between teachers sacred or literary; between poets like Herbert, and poets like Pope; between philosophers like Spinoza, Kant, and Coleridge, — and philosophers like

Locke, Paley, Mackintosh, and Stewart; between men of the world who are reckoned accomplished talkers, and here and there a fervent mystic, prophesying half-insane under the infinitude of his thought, is, that one class speak *from within*, or from experience, as parties and possessors of the fact; and the other class, *from without*, as spectators merely, or perhaps as acquainted with the fact, on the evidence of third persons. It is of no use to preach to me from without. I can do that too easily myself."

"The soul gives itself alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young, and nimble. It is not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not called religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its own, and feels that the grass grows, and the stone falls by a law inferior to, and dependent on its nature. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars, and feel them to be but the fair accidents and effects which change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts, and act with energies which are immortal."—*Essays*, pp. 23, 52 — 53, 53 — 54, 231, 237, 244 — 245.

"All your learning of all literatures would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions, and yet each is natural and familiar as household words."—*Nature and Addresses*, p. 209.

The same method in his last work is ascribed to Plato:

"Add to this, he believes that poetry, prophecy, and the high insight, are from a wisdom of which man is not master; that the gods never philosophize; but, by a celestial mania, these miracles are accomplished."—*Representative Men*, p. 61.

Sometimes he exaggerates the value of this, and puts the unconscious before the self-conscious state:

"It is pitiful to be an artist, when, by forbearing to be artists, we might be vessels filled with the divine overflowings, enriched by the circulations of omniscience and omnipresence. Are there not moments in the history of heaven when the human race was not counted by individuals, but was only the Influenced, was God in distribution, God rushing into multiform benefit? It is sublime to receive, sublime to love, but this lust of imparting as from *us*, this desire to be loved, the wish to be recognized as individuals, — is finite, comes of a lower strain."—*Nature and Addresses*, pp. 201 — 202.

He is sometimes extravagant in the claims made for his own method, and maintains that ecstasy is the natural and exclusive mode of arriving at new truths, while it is only one mode. Ecstasy is the state of intuition in which the man loses his individual self-consciousness. Moments of this character are few and rare even with men like the St. Victorians, like Tauler, and Böhme and Swedenborg. The writings of all these men, especially of the two last, who most completely surrendered themselves to this mode of action, show how poor and insufficient it is. All that mankind has learned in this way is little, compared with the results of reflection, of meditation, and careful, conscientious looking after truth: all the great benefactors of the world have been patient and continuous in their work;

"Not from a vain and shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

Mr. Emerson says books are only for one's idle hours; he discourages hard and continuous thought, conscious modes of argument, of discipline. Here he exaggerates his idiosyncrasy into a universal law. The method of nature is not ecstasy but patient attention. Human nature avenges herself for the slight he puts on her, by the irregular and rambling character of his own productions. The vice appears more glaring in the Emersonidæ, who have all the agony without the inspiration; who affect the unconscious; write even more ridiculous nonsense than their "genius" requires; are sometimes so child-like as to become mere babies, and seem to forget that the unconscious state is oftener below the conscious than above it, and that there is an ecstasy of folly as well as of good sense.

Some of these imbeciles have been led astray by this extravagant and one sided statement. What if books have hurt Mr. Oldbuck, and many fine wits lie "sheathed to the hilt in ponderous tomes," sheathed and rusted in so that no Orson could draw the blade,—we need not deny the real value of books, still less the value of the serious and patient study of thoughts and things. Michael Angelo and Newton had some genius; Socrates is thought not destitute of philosophical power; but no dauber of canvas, no sportsman with marble ever worked like Angelo; the two philosophers wrought by their genius, but with an attention, an order, a diligence, and a terrible industry and method of thought, without which their genius would have ended in nothing but guesswork.

Much comes by spontaneous intuition, which is to be got in no other way ; but much is to precede that, and much to follow it. There are two things to be considered in the matter of inspiration, one is the Infinite God from whom it comes, the other the finite capacity which is to receive it. If Newton had never studied, it would be as easy for God to reveal the calculus to his dog Diamond as to Newton. We once heard of a man who thought every thing was in the soul, and so gave up all reading, all continuous thought. Said another, "if all is in the soul, it takes a man to find it."

Here are some of the most important conclusions Mr. Emerson has hitherto arrived at.

Man is above nature, the material world. Last winter, in his lectures, he was understood to affirm "the identity of man with nature ;" a doctrine which seems to have come from his Oriental reading before named, a doctrine false as well as inconsistent with the first principles of his philosophy. But in his printed works he sees clearly the distinction between the two, a fact not seen by the Hindoo philosophers, but first by the Hebrew and Greek writers. Emerson puts man far before nature :

"We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his if he will. He may divest himself of it ; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself."

"Thus in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works."

"Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. It receives the dominion of man as meekly as the ass on which the Saviour rode. It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful."—*Nature*, pp. 25, 30, 50 — 51.

Nature is "an appendix to the soul."

Then the man is superior to the accidents of his past history or present condition :

"No man ever prayed heartily, without learning something."—*Nature*, p. 92.

"The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and

watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages."

"Kingdom and lordship, power and estate are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderbeg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day, as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with vast views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen."—*Essays*, pp. 37, 38, 51 — 52.

Hence a man must be true to his present conviction, careless of consistency :

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day."—*Essays*, p. 47.

The man must not be a slave to a single form of thought :

"How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal, whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity."—*Essays*, p. 280.

Man is inferior to the great law of God, which overrides the world; "His wealth and greatness consist in his being the channel through which heaven flows to earth;" "the word of a poet is only the mouth of divine wisdom;" "the man on whom the soul descends — alone can teach;" all nature "from the sponge up to Hercules is to hint or to thunder man the laws of right and wrong." This ethical character seems the end of nature: "the moral law lies at the centre of nature and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation, every process. All things with which we deal point to us. What is a farm but a mute Gospel?" Yet he sometimes tells us that man is identical with God under certain circumstances, an old Hindoo notion, a little favored by some passages in the New Testament, and revived

by Hegel in modern times, in whom it seems less inconsistent than in Emerson.

This moral law continually gives men their compensation. "You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong."

"And this law of laws which the pulpit, the senate and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages, by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. — Give and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered himself. — What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. — Nothing venture, nothing have. — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. — Who doth not work shall not eat. — Harm watch, harm catch. — Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. — If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. — Bad counsel confounds the adviser. — The devil is an ass."

"There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief."

"Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly *am*; in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts, conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an Optimism never a Pessimism."—*Essays*, pp. 90, 95 — 96, 100.

By virtue of obedience to this law great men are great, and only so:

"We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not."

"A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is a nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily every body in society reminds us of somewhat else or some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else. It takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent, — put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought; — and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession."—*Essays*, pp. 57, 50.

Through this any man has the power of all men :

"Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again."

"The great poet makes us feel our own wealth, and then we think less of his compositions. His greatest communication to our mind, is, to teach us to despise all he has done. Shakspeare carries us to such a lofty strain of intelligent activity, as to suggest a wealth which beggars his own; and we then feel that the splendid works which he has created, and which in other hours we extol as a sort of self-existent poetry, take no stronger hold of real nature than the shadow of a passing traveller on the rock." *Essays*, pp. 68 — 69, 239.

Yet he once says there is no progress of mankind; "Society never advances."

"The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be

a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?"—*Essays*, pp. 69 — 70.

But this is an exaggeration, which he elsewhere corrects, and justly says that the great men of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove the barbarism of their age.

He teaches an absolute trust in God :

"Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person, who in his integrity worships God, becomes God; yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable. Ever it inspires awe and astonishment. . . . When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself, nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time, the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind, he is overflowed with a reliance so universal, that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood. He believes that he cannot escape from his good."—*Essays*, pp. 241 — 242.

"In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite Soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking forever the soul of God? Where now sounds the persuasion, that by its very melody imparadises my heart, and so affirms its own origin in heaven? Where shall I hear words such as in elder ages drew men to leave all and follow — father and mother, house and land, wife and child? Where shall I hear these august laws of moral being so pronounced, as to fill my ear, and I feel ennobled by the offer of my uttermost action and passion? The test of the true faith, certainly, should be its power to charm and command the soul, as the laws of nature control the activity of the hands, — so commanding that we find pleasure and honor in obeying. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. But now the priest's Sabbath has lost the splendor of nature; it is unlovely; we are glad when it is done; we can

make, we do make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter, for ourselves." — *Nature*, &c., pp. 132 — 133.

God continually communicates Himself to man in various forms :

" We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature, by the term *Revelation*. These are always attended by the emotion of the sublime. For this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life. Every distinct apprehension of this central commandment agitates men with awe and delight. A thrill passes through all men at the reception of new truth, or at the performance of a great action, which comes out of the heart of nature. In these communications, the power to see, is not separated from the will to do, but the insight proceeds from obedience, and the obedience proceeds from a joyful perception. Every moment when the individual feels himself invaded by it, is memorable." — *Essays*, pp. 232 — 233.

" The nature of these revelations is always the same : they are perceptions of the absolute law."

" This energy does not descend into individual life, on any other condition than entire possession. It comes to the lowly and simple ; it comes to whomsoever will put off what is foreign and proud ; it comes as insight ; it comes as serenity and grandeur. When we see those whom it inhabits, we are apprised of new degrees of greatness. From that inspiration the man comes back with a changed tone. He does not talk with men, with an eye to their opinion. He tries them. It requires of us to be plain and true. . . . The soul that ascendeth to worship the great God, is plain and true ; has no rose color ; no fine friends ; no chivalry ; no adventures ; does not want admiration ; dwells in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of the common day, — by reason of the present moment, and the mere trifle having become porous to thought, and bibulous of the sea of light."

" How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments ! " — *Essays*, pp. 239, 240, 241 — 242.

He says the same thing in yet more rhythmic notes :

" Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle ;

Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old ;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below, —
 The canticles of love and woe ;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew ; —
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

"The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;
 And the same power that reared the shrine,
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires."

Poems, pp. 17 — 18, 19.

If we put Emerson's conclusions into five great classes representing respectively his idea of Man, of God, and of Nature ; his idea of self-rule, the relation of man's consciousness to his unconsciousness ; his idea of religion, the relation of men to God ; of ethics, the relation of man to man ; and of economy, the relation of man to nature ; we find him in the very first rank of modern science. No man in this age is before him. He demonstrates nothing, but assumes his position far in advance of mankind. This explains the treatment he has met with.

Then in his writings there appears a love of beauty in all its forms — in material nature, in art, literature, and above all, in human life. He finds it everywhere :

"The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
 The acorn's cup, the raindrop's arc,
 The swinging spider's silver line,
 The ruby of the drop of wine,
 The shining pebble of the pond,
 Thou inscribest with a bond,
 In thy momentary play,
 Would bankrupt nature to repay.

" Oft, in streets or humblest places,
I detect far-wandered graces,
Which, from Eden wide astray,
In lowly homes have lost their way."

Poems, pp. 137, 139.

Few men have had a keener sense for this in common life, or so nice an eye for it in inanimate nature. His writings do not disclose a very clear perception of the beauty of animated nature; it is still life that he describes, in water, plants, and the sky. He seldom refers to the great cosmic forces of the world, that are everywhere balanced into such systematic proportions, the perception of which makes the writings of Alexander Von Humboldt so attractive and delightful.

In all Emerson's works there appears a sublime confidence in man; a respect for human nature which we have never seen surpassed — never equalled. Man is only to be true to his nature, to plant himself on his instincts, and all will turn out well:

" Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary and shall be no more seen. The sordid and filth of nature, the sun shall dry up, and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourse, and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over nature, which cometh not with observation, — a dominion such as now is beyond his dream of God, — he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight." — *Nature*, pp. 94 — 95.

" Foolish hands may mix and mar,
Wise and sure the issues are."

He has also an absolute confidence in God. He has been foolishly accused of pantheism which sinks God in nature; but no man is further from it. He never sinks God in man, he does not stop with the law, in matter or morals, but goes back to the Lawgiver; yet probably it would not be so easy for him to give his definition of God as it would be for most grad-

uates at Andover or Cambridge. With this confidence in God he looks things fairly in the face, and never dodges, never fears. Toil, sorrow, pain, these are things which it is impious to fear. Boldly he faces every fact, never retreating behind an institution or a great man. In God his trust is complete ; with the severest scrutiny he joins the highest reverence.

Hence come his calmness and serenity. He is evenly balanced and at repose. A more tranquil spirit cannot be found in literature. Nothing seems to fret or jar him, and all the tossings of the literary world never jostle him into anger or impatience. He goes on like the stars above the noise and dust of earth, as calm yet not so cold. No man says things more terribly severe than he on many occasions ; few in America have encountered such abuse, but in all his writings there is not a line which can be referred to ill-will. Impudence and terror are wasted on him ; "upstart wealth's averted eye," which blasts the hope of the politician, is powerless on him as on the piles of granite in New Hampshire hills. Misconceived and misreported, he does not wait to "unravel any man's blunders ; he is again on his road, adding new powers and honors to his domain, and new claims on the heart." He takes no notice of the criticism from which nothing but warning is to be had, warning against bigotry and impudence, and goes on his way, his only answer a creative act. Many shafts has he shot, not an arrow in self-defence ; not a line betrays that he has been treated ill. This is small praise but rare ; even cool egotistic Goethe treated his "Philistine" critics with haughty scorn, comparing them to dogs who bark in the court-yard when the master mounts to ride :

" Es will der Spitz aus unserm Stall
Mit Bellen uns begleiten ;
Allein der Hundes lauter Schall
Beweist nur dass wir reiten."

He lacks the power of orderly arrangement to a remarkable degree. Not only is there no obvious logical order, but there is no subtle psychological method by which the several parts of an essay are joined together ; his deep sayings are jewels strung wholly at random. This often confuses the reader ; this want appears the greatest defect of his mind. Of late years there has been a marked effort to correct it, and in regard to mere order there is certainly a great improvement in the first series of *Essays on Nature*, or rather formless book.

Then he is not creative like Shakspeare and Goethe, perhaps not inventive like many far inferior men; he seldom or never undertakes to prove any thing. He tells what he sees, seeing things by glimpses, not by steady and continuous looking, he often fails of seeing the whole object; he does not always see all of its relations with other things. Hence comes an occasional exaggeration. But this is commonly corrected by some subsequent statement. Thus he has seen books imprison many a youth, and speaking to men, desirous of warning them of their danger, he undervalues the worth of books themselves. But the use he makes of them in his own writings shows that this statement was an exaggeration which his practical judgment disapproves. Speaking to men whose chief danger was that they should be bookworms, or mechanical grinders at a logic-mill, he says that ecstasy is the method of Nature, but himself never utters anything "poor and extemporaneous;" what he gets in his ecstatic moments of inspiration, he examines carefully in his cool, reflective hours, and it is printed as reflection, never as the simple result of ecstatic inspiration, having not only the stamp of Divine truth, but the private mark of Emerson. He is never demonized by his enthusiasm; he possesses the spirit, it never possesses him; if "the God" comes into his rapt soul "without bell," it is only with due consideration that he communicates to the world the message that was brought. Still he must regret that his extravagant estimate of ecstasy, intuitive unconsciousness, has been made and has led some youths and maids astray.

This mode of looking at things, and this want of logical order make him appear inconsistent. There are actual and obvious contradictions in his works. "Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride." Now he is all generosity and nobleness, shining like the sun on things mean and low, and then he says, with a good deal of truth but some exaggeration:

"Do not tell me of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the

dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by-and-by I shall have the manhood to withhold."— *Essays*, p. 43.

Thus a certain twofoldness appears in his writings here and there, but take them all together they form a whole of marvellous consistency; take them in connection with his private character and life—we may challenge the world to furnish an example of a fairer and more consistent whole.

With the exceptions above stated, there is a remarkable balance of intellectual faculties, of creative and conservative, of the spontaneous and intuitive, and the voluntary and reflective powers. He is a slave to neither; all are balanced into lovely proportions and intellectual harmony. In many things Goethe is superior to Emerson: in fertility of invention, in a wide acquaintance with men, in that intuitive perception of character which seems an instinct in some men, in regular discipline of the understanding, in literary and artistic culture; but in general harmony of the intellectual powers, and the steadiness of purpose which comes thereof, Emerson is incontestibly the superior even of the many-sided Goethe. He never wastes his time on trifles; he is too heavily freighted, and lies so deep in the sea that a little flaw of wind never drives him from his course. If we go a little further and inquire how the other qualities are blended with the intellectual, we find that the moral power a little outweighs the intellectual, and the religious is a little before the moral, as it should be, but the affections seem to be less developed than the intellect. There is no total balance of all the faculties to correspond with the harmony of his intellectual powers. This seems to us the greatest defect in his entire being, as lack of logical power is the chief defect in his intellect; there is love enough for almost any man—not enough to balance his intellect, his conscience, and his faith in God. Hence there appears a certain coldness in his ethics. He is a man running alone, and would lead others to isolation, not society. Notwithstanding his own intense individuality and his theoretic and practical respect for individuality, still persons seem of small value to him—of little value except as they represent or help develop an idea of the intellect. In this respect, in his writings he is one-sided, and while no one mental power has subdued another, yet his intellect and conscience seem to enslave and belittle the affections. Yet he never goes so far in this as Goethe, who used men, and women too, as cattle to ride, as food to eat. In Emerson's

religious writings there appears a worship of the infinite God, far transcending all we find in Taylor or Edwards, in Fenelon or Channing; it is reverence, it is trust, the worship of the conscience, of the intellect; it is obedience, the worship of the will; it is not love, the worship of the affections.

No writer in our language is more rich in ideas, none more suggestive of noble thought and noble life. We will select the axioms which occur in a single essay, which we take at random, that on *Self-reliance* :

"It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine."

"Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

"The virtue most in request is conformity. *Self-reliance* is its aversion."

"No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature, the only wrong what is against it."

"Truth is handsomer than the affectation of love."

"Your goodness must have some edge to it."

"Do your work and you shall reinforce yourself."

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

"To be great is to be misunderstood."

"Character teaches above our wills."

"Greatness always appeals to the future."

"The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul."

"If we live truly we shall see truly."

"It is as easy for the strong to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak."

"When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

"Virtue is the governor."

"Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man."

"Duty is our place, and the merry men of circumstance should follow as they may."

"My giant goes with me wherever I go."

"It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model."

"That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him."

"Every great man is an unique."

"Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

His works abound also with the most genial wit; he clearly sees and sharply states the halfnesses of things and men, but his wit is never coarse, and wholly without that grain of malice so often the accompaniment thereof.

Let us now say a word of the artistic style and rhetorical form of these remarkable books. Mr. Emerson always gravitates towards first principles, but never sets them in a row, groups them into a system, or makes of them a whole. Hence the form of all his prose writings is very defective and much of his rare power is lost. He never fires by companies, nor even by platoons, only man by man; nay, his soldiers are never ranked into line, but stand scattered, sundered and individual, each serving on his own account, and "fighting on his own hook." Things are huddled and lumped together; diamonds, pearls, bits of chalk and cranberries, thrown pell-mell together. You can

"No joints and no contexture find,
Nor their loose parts to any method bring."

Here is a specimen of the Lucretian "fortuitous concourse of atoms," for things are joined by a casual connection, or else by mere caprice. This is so in the Orations, which were designed to be heard, not read, where order is the more needful. His separate thoughts are each a growth. Now and then it is so with a sentence, seldom with a paragraph; but his essay is always a piece of composition, carpentry, and not growth.

Take any one of his volumes, the first series of *Essays*, for example, the book does not make an organic whole, by itself, and so produce a certain totality of impression. The separate essays are not arranged with reference to any progress in the reader's mind, or any consecutive development of the author's ideas. Here are the titles of the several papers in their present order: — History, Self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws, Love, Friendship, Prudence, Heroism, The Over-Soul, Circles, Intellect, Art. In each essay there is the same want of organic completeness and orderly distribution of the parts. There is no logical arrangement of the separate thoughts, which are subordinate to the main idea of the piece. They are shot together into a curious and disorderly mass of beauty, like the colors in a kaleidoscope, not laid together like the gems in a collection; still less grown into a whole like the parts of a rose, where beauty of form, fragrance, and color make up one whole of loveliness. The lines he draws do not converge to one point; there is no progress in his drama. Towards the end the interest deepens, not from an artistic arrangement of accumulated thoughts, but only because the author finds his heart warmed by his efforts,

and beating quicker. Some artists produce their effect almost wholly by form and outline; they sculpture with their pencil; the *Parcæ* of Michael Angelo is an example; so some writers discipline their pupils by the severity of their intellectual method and scientific forms of thought. Other artists have we known produce the effect almost wholly by their coloring; the drawing was bad, but the color of lip and eye, of neck and cheek, and hair, was perfect; the likeness all men saw, and felt the impression. But the perfect artist will be true to both, will keep the forms of things, and only clothe them with appropriate hues. We know some say that order belongs not to poetic minds, but the saying is false. In all Milton's high poetic works, the form is perfect as the coloring: this appears in the grouping of the grand divisions of the *Paradise Lost*, and in the arrangement of the smallest details in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and then the appropriate hue of morning, of mid-day, or of night is thrown upon the whole.

His love of individuality has unconsciously deprived him of the grace of order; his orations or essays are like a natural field: here is common grass, only with him not half so common as wild roses and violets, for his common grasses are flowers—and then rocks, then trees, brambles, thorns, now flowers, now weeds, here a decaying log with raspberry bushes on the one side and strawberry vines on the other, and potentillas creeping among them all. There are emmets and wood-worms, earth-worms, slugs, grasshoppers and, more obvious, sheep and oxen, and above and about them, the brown thrasher, the hen-hawk and the crow—making a scene of beautiful and intricate confusion which belongs to nature, not to human art.

His marked love of individuality appears in his style. His thoughts are seldom vague, all is distinct; the outlines sharply drawn, things are always discrete from one another. He loves to particularize. He talks not of flowers, but of the violet, the clover, the cowslip and anemone; not of birds, but the nut-hatch, and the wren; not of insects, but of the *Volvex Globator*; not of men and maids, but of Adam, John, and Jane. Things are kept from things, each surrounded by its own atmosphere. This gives great distinctness and animation to his works, though latterly he seems to imitate himself a little in this respect. It is remarkable to what an extent this individualization is carried. The essays in his books are separate and stand apart from one another, only mechanically bound by the lids of the volume; his paragraphs in each essay are dis-

tinct and disconnected, or but loosely bound to one another ; it is so with sentences in the paragraph, and propositions in the sentence. Take for example his essay on Experience ; it is distributed into seven parts, which treat respectively of Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality and Subjectiveness. These seven brigadiers are put in one army with as little unity of action as any seven Mexican officers ; not subject to one head, nor fighting on the same side. The subordinates under these generals are in no better order and discipline ; sometimes the corporal commands the king. But this very lack of order gives variety of form. You can never anticipate him. One half the essay never suggests the rest. If he have no order, he never sets his method a going, and himself with his audience goes to sleep, trusting that he, they, and the logical conclusion will all come out alive and waking at the last. He trusts nothing to the discipline of his camp ; all to the fidelity of the individual soldiers.

His style is one of the rarest beauty ; there is no affectation, no conceit, no effort at effect. He alludes to everybody and imitates nobody. No writer that we remember, except Jean Paul Richter, is so rich in beautiful imagery ; there are no blank walls in his building. But Richter's temple of poesy is a Hindoo pagoda, rich, elaborate, of costly stone, adorned with costly work, but as a whole, rather grotesque than sublime, and more queer than beautiful ; you wonder how any one could have brought such wealth together, and still more that any one could combine things so oddly together. Emerson builds a rambling Gothic Church, with an irregular outline, a chapel here, and a tower there, you do not see why ; but all parts are beautiful and the whole constrains the soul to love and trust. His manifold images come from his own sight, not from the testimony of other men. His words are pictures of the things daguerreotyped from nature. Like Homer, Aristotle and Tacitus, he describes the thing, and not the effect of the thing. This quality he has in common with the great writers of classic antiquity, while his wealth of sentiment puts him with the classics of modern times. Like Burke he lays all literature under contribution, and presses the facts of every day life into his service. He seems to keep the sun and moon as his retainers and levy black-mail on the cricket and the tit-mouse, on the dawdling preacher and the snow storm which seemed to rebuke his unnatural whine. His works teem with beauty. Take for example this :

"What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? [Love.] What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention in the intercourse of life, like any passion betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door; — but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel: he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbors that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of school girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing, with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy. In the village, they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing school, and when the singing school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By-and-by that boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deploras as incident to scholars and great men."

"The passion re-makes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent: and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men."

"Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he

walks with arms akimbo ; he soliloquizes ; he accosts the grass and the trees ; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover and the lily in his veins : and he talks with the brook that wets his foot." — *Essays*, pp. 142 — 143, 145, 146.

Emerson is a great master of language ; therewith he sculpts, therewith he paints ; he thunders and lightens in his speech, and in his speech also he sings. In Greece, Plato and Aristophanes were mighty masters of the pen, and have not left their equals in ancient literary art ; so in Rome were Virgil and Tacitus ; four men so marked in individuality, so unlike and withal so skilful in the use of speech, it were not easy to find ; four mighty masters of the art to write. In later times there have been in England, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Taylor, Swift and Carlyle ; on the Continent, Voltaire, Rousseau and Goethe ; all masters in this art, skilful to work in human speech. Each of them possessed some qualities which Emerson has not. In Bacon, Milton and Carlyle, there is a majesty, a dignity and giant strength, not to be claimed for him. Yet separating the beautiful from what men call sublime, no one of all that we have named, ancient or modern, has passages so beautiful as he. From what is called sublime if we separate what is simply vast, or merely grand, or only wide, it is in vain that we seek in all those men for anything to rival Emerson.

Take the following passage, and it is not possible, we think, to find its equal for the beautiful and the sublime in any tongue :

"The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does that other see the same star, the same melting cloud, read the same book, feel the same emotion that now delight me ? They try and weigh their affection, and adding up all costly advantages, friends, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering that willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a ransom for the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of which shall be harmed. But the lot of humanity is on these children. Danger, sorrow, and pain arrive to them as to all. Love prays. It makes covenants with Eternal Power, in behalf of this dear mate. The union which is thus effected, and which adds a new value to every atom in nature, for it transmutes every thread throughout the whole web of relation into a golden ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element, is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells

in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving for a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear, and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign, and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world which is or ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman.

"The person love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

"The world rolls: the circumstances vary, every hour. All the angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and all the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues, they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. Their once flaming regard is sobered by time in either breast, and losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thorough good understanding. They resign each other without complaint to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time, and exchange the passion which once could not lose sight of its object, for a cheerful disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's designs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy, at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium.

"Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We are

by nature observers, and thereby learners. That is our permanent state. But we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly and with pain, the objects of the affections change, as the objects of thought do. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again, its overarching vault, bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears that swept over us as clouds, must lose their finite character, and blend with God, to attain their own perfection. But we need not fear that we can lose any thing by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on for ever."—*Essays*, pp. 152—155.

We can now only glance at the separate works named above. His *Nature* is more defective in form than any of his pieces, but rich in beauty; a rare prose poem is it, a book for one's bosom. The first series of *Essays* contains the fairest blossoms and fruits of his genius. Here his wondrous mind reveals itself in its purity, its simplicity, its strength, and its beauty too. The second series of *Essays* is inferior to the first; the style is perhaps clearer, but the water is not so deep. He seems to let himself down to the capacity of his hearers. Yet there is an attempt at order which is seldom successful, and reminds one of the order in which figures are tattooed upon the skin of a South Sea Islander, rather than of the organic symmetry of limbs or bones. He sets up a scaffold, not a living tree, a scaffold, too, on which none but himself can walk.

Some of his *Oration*s and *Addresses* are noble efforts: old as the world is, and much and long as men are given to speak, it is but rare in human history that such *Sermons* on the Mount get spoken as the *Address* to the students of Theology, and that before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge. They are words of lofty cheer.

The last book on "*Representative Men*," does not come up to the first *Essays*, neither in matter nor in manner. Yet we know not a man, living and speaking English, that could have written one so good. The lecture on Plato contains exaggerations not usual with Emerson; it fails to describe the man by genus or species. He gives you neither the principles nor the method of Plato, not even his conclusions. Nay, he does not give you the specimens to judge by. The article in the last

classical dictionary, or the History of Philosophy for the French Normal schools gives you a better account of the philosopher and the man. The lecture on Swedenborg is a masterly appreciation of that great man, and, to our way of thinking, the best criticism that has yet appeared. He appreciates but does not exaggerate him. The same may be said of that upon Montaigne ; those on Shakspeare and Goethe are adequate and worthy of the theme. In the lecture on Napoleon, it is surprising that not a word is said of his greatest faculty, his legislative, organizing power, for we cannot but think with Carlyle, that he "will be better known for his laws than his battles." But the other talents of Napoleon are sketched with a faithful hand, and his faults justly dealt with, not enlarged but not hid—though, on the whole, it seems to us, no great admirers of Napoleon, that he is a little undervalued.

We must briefly notice M. Emerson's volume of Poems. He has himself given us the standard by which to try him, for he thus defines and describes the poet :

"The sign and credentials of the poet are, that he announces that which no man foretold. He is the true and only doctor ; he knows and tells ; he is the only teller of news, for he was present and privy to the appearance which he describes. He is a beholder of ideas, and an utterer of the necessary and causal. For we do not speak now of men of poetical talents, or of industry and skill in metre, but of the true poet. I took part in a conversation the other day, concerning a recent writer of lyrics, a man of subtle mind, whose head appeared to be a music box of delicate tunes and rhythms, and whose skill, and command of language we could not sufficiently praise. But when the question arose, whether he was not only a lyrist, but a poet, we were obliged to confess that he is plainly a contemporary, not an eternal man. He does not stand out of our low limitations, like a Chimborazo under the line, running up from the torrid base through all the climates of the globe, with belts of the herbage of every latitude on its high and mottled sides ; but this genius is the lanscape-garden of a modern house, adorned with fountains and statues, with well-bred men and women standing and sitting in the walks and terraces. We hear through all the varied music the ground tone of conventional life. Our poets are men of talents who sing, and not the children of music. The argument is secondary, the finish of the verses is primary.

For it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem,—a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing. The thought and the form are

equal in the order of time, but in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form. The poet has a new thought: he has a whole new experience to unfold; he will tell us how it was with him, and all men will be the richer in his fortune. — *Essays*, 2d Series, pp. 9 — 11.

It is the office of the poet, he tells us, "by the beauty of things" to announce "a new and higher beauty. Nature offers all her creatures to him as a picture language." "The poorest experience is rich enough for all the purposes of expressing thought;" "the world being put under the mind for verb and noun, the poet is he who can articulate it;" he "turns the world to glass, and shows us all things in their right series and proportions." For through that better perception he stands one step nearer things, and sees the flowing or metamorphosis, perceives that thought is multiform; that within the form of every creature is a force impelling it to ascend into a higher form, and, following with his eyes the life, uses the forms which express that life, and so his speech flows with the flowing of nature." "The poet alone knows astronomy, chemistry, vegetation and animation, for he does not stop at these facts, but employs them as signs."

"This insight, which expresses itself by what is called Imagination, is a very high sort of seeing, which does not come by study, but by the intellect being where and what it sees, by sharing the path, or circuit of things through forms, and so making them translucent to others. The path of things is silent. Will they suffer a speaker to go with them? A spy they will not suffer; a lover, a poet, is the transcendence of their own nature, — him they will suffer. The condition of true naming, on the poet's part, is his resigning himself to the divine *aura* which breathes through forms, and accompanying that.

"It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns, that, beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect, he is capable of a new energy (as of an intellect doubled on itself,) by abandonment to the nature of things; that, beside his privacy of power as an individual man, there is a great public power, on which he can draw, by unlocking, at all risks, his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him: then he is caught up into the life of the Universe, his speech is thunder, his thought is law, and his words are universally intelligible as the plants and animals. The poet knows that he speaks adequately, then, only when he speaks somewhat wildly, or, 'with the flower of the mind;' not with the intellect, used as an organ, but with the intellect released from all service,

and suffered to take its direction from its celestial life ; or, as the ancients were wont to express themselves, not with intellect alone, but with the intellect inebriated by nectar. As the traveller who has lost his way, throws his reins on his horse's neck, and trusts to the instinct of the animal to find his road, so we must do with the divine animal who carries us through this world. For if in any manner we can stimulate this instinct, new passages are opened for us into nature, the mind flows into and through things hardest and highest, and the metamorphosis is possible." — *Essays*, 2d Series, pp. 28-30.

In reading criticisms on Emerson's poetry, one is sometimes reminded of a passage in Pepy's Diary, where that worthy pronounces judgment on some of the works of Shakspeare. Perhaps it may be thought an appropriate introduction to some strictures of our own.

" Aug. 20, 1666. To Deptford by water, reading Othello, Moor of Venice, which I have heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read the Adventures of Five Hours, it seems a mean thing. Sept. 29th, 1662. To the King's Theatre, where we saw Midsummer Night's Dream, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid and ridiculous play, that ever I saw in my life."

Emerson is certainly one

" Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris ;
Spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem."

Yet his best poetry is in his prose, and his poorest, thinnest and least musical prose is in his poems.

The "Ode to Beauty" contains some beautiful thoughts in a fair form :

" Who gave thee, O Beauty,
The keys of this breast, —
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest?
Say, when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old?
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee,
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!
I drank at thy fountain

False waters of thirst ;
 Thou intimate stranger,
 Thou latest and first !
 Thy dangerous glances
 Make women of men ;
 New-born, we are melting
 Into nature again." — *Poems*, pp. 136 — 137.

The three pieces which seem the most perfect poems, both in matter and form, are the "Problem," from which we have already given liberal extracts above ; "Each in all," which, however, is certainly not a great poem, but simple, natural and beautiful ; and the "Sphinx," which has higher merits than the others, and is a poem of a good deal of beauty. The Sphinx is the creation of the old classic mythology. But her question is wholly modern, though she has been waiting so long for the seer to solve it, that she has become drowsy.

This is her problem :

"The fate of the man-child ;
 The meaning of man."

All the material and animal world is at peace :

"Erect as a sunbeam,
 Upspringeth the palm ;
 The elephant browses,
 Undaunted and calm ;
 In beautiful motion
 The thrush plies his wings ;
 Kind leaves of his covert,
 Your silence he sings.

"See, earth, air, sound, silence,
 Plant, quadruped, bird,
 By one music enchanted,
 One deity stirred, —
 Each the other adorning,
 Accompany still ;
 Night veileth the morning,
 The vapor the hill."

In his early age man shares the peace of the world :

"The babe by its mother
 Lies bathed in joy ;
 Glide its hours uncounted, —
 The sun is its toy ;

Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes;
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies."

But when the child becomes a man he is ill at ease :

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground."

Mother Nature complains of his condition :

"Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned the man-child's head?"

The Sphinx wishes to know the meaning of all this. A poet answers that this is no mystery to him; man is superior to nature, and its unconscious and involuntary happiness is not enough for him; superior to the events of his own history, so the joy which he has attained is always unsatisfactory :

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found, — for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

Even sad things turn out well :

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse."

Thus the riddle is solved ; then the Sphinx turns into beautiful things :

“Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone ;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon ;
She spired into a yellow flame ;
She flowered in blossoms red ;
She flowed into a foaming wave ;
She stood Monadnoc's head.”—*Poems*, pp.8-13.

We pass over the Threnody, where “well sung woes” might soothe a “pensive ghost.” The Dirge contains some stanzas that are full of nature and well expressed :

“Knows he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn ?

“The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

“But they are gone — the holy ones
Who trod with me this lovely vale ;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

“My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place !

“I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew ;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

“Hearken to yon pine-warbler
Singing aloft in the tree !
Hearest thou, O traveller,
What he singeth to me ?

“Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay could'st thou
Its heavy tale divine.

" 'Go, lonely man,' it saith ;
 'They loved thee from their birth ;
 Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,—
 There are no such hearts on earth.

" 'Ye cannot unlock your heart,
 The key is gone with them ;
 The silent organ loudest chants
 The master's requiem.' "—*Poems*, pp. 232 — 235.

Here is a little piece which has seldom been equalled in depth and beauty of thought ; yet it has sometimes been complained of as obscure, we see not why :

TO RHEA.

"THEE, dear friend, a brother soothes,
Not with flatteries, but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
To light which dims the morning's eye.
I have come from the spring-woods,
From the fragrant solitudes ; —
Listen what the poplar-tree
And murmuring waters counselled me.

"If with love thy heart has burned ;
If thy love is unreturned ;
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed ;
For when love has once departed
From the eyes of the false-hearted,
And one by one has torn off quite
The bandages of purple light ;
Though thou wert the loveliest
Form the soul had ever dressed,
Thou shalt seem, in each reply,
A vixen to his altered eye ;
Thy softest pleadings seem too bold,
Thy praying lute will seem to scold ;
Though thou kept the straightest road,
Yet thou errest far and broad.

"But thou shalt do as do the gods
In their cloudless periods ;
For of this lore be thou sure,—
Though thou forget, the gods, secure,
Forget never their command,

But make the statute of this land.
As they lead, so follow all,
Ever have done, ever shall.
Warning to the blind and deaf,
'T is written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward, and not up ;
Therefore, who loves, of gods or men,
Shall not by the same be loved again ;
His sweetheart's idolatry
Falls, in turn, a new degree.
When a god is once beguiled
By beauty of a mortal child,
And by her radiant youth delighted,
He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
His love shall never be requited.
And thus the wise Immortal doeth. —
'T is his study and delight
To bless that creature day and night ;
From all evils to defend her ;
In her lap to pour all splendor ;
To ransack earth for riches rare,
And fetch her stars to deck her hair ;
He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts :
All grace, all good his great heart knows,
Profuse in love, the king bestows :
Saying, 'Hearken ! Earth, Sea, Air !
This monument of my despair
Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
Not for a private good,
But I, from my beatitude,
Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
Adorn her as was none adorned.
I make this maiden an ensample
To Nature, through her kingdoms ample,
Whereby to model newer races,
Statelier forms, and fairer faces ;
To carry man to new degrees
Of power, and of comeliness.
These presents be the hostages
Which I pawn for my release.
See to thyself, O Universe !
Thou art better, and not worse.' —
And the god, having given all,
Is freed forever from his thrall." — *Poems*, pp. 21

Several of the other pieces are poor ; some are stiff and rude, having no lofty thoughts to atone for their unlovely forms. Some have quaint names, which seem given to them out of mere caprice. Such are the following : Mithridates, Hamatreya, Hermione, Merlin, Merops, &c. These names are not more descriptive of the poems they are connected with, than are Jonathan and Eleazer of the men thus baptized. What have Astrea, Rhea and Etienne de la Boëce to do with the poems which bear their names ?

We should think the following lines, from *Hermione*, were written by some of the youngest Emersonidæ :

“ Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all ;
As shepherd's lamp on far hill-side
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock.

“ Now, deceived, thou wanderest
In strange lands unblest ;
And my kindred come to soothe me.
Southwind is my next of blood ;
He has come through fragrant wood,
Drugged with spice from climates warm,
And in every twinkling glade,
And twilight nook,
Unveils thy form.
Out of the forest way
Forth paced it yesterday ;
And when I sat by the watercourse,
Watching the daylight fade,
It throbbed up from the brook.”—*Poems*, pp. 153

—154.

Such things are unworthy of such a master.

Here is a passage which we will not attempt to criticize.
He is speaking of Love :

“ He will preach like a friar,
And jump like a Harlequin ;
He will read like a crier,
And fight like a Paladin.” &c.

Good Homer sometimes nodded, they say ; but when he went fast asleep, he did not write lines or print them.

Here is another specimen. It is *Monadnoc* that speaks :

"Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead."

And yet another :

"For the present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard."
"In the woods he travels glad,
Without bitter fortune mad,
Melancholy without bad."

We have seen imitations of this sort of poetry, which even surpassed the original. It does not seem possible that Emerson can write such stuff simply from "lacking the accomplishment of verse." Is it that he has a false theory, and so wilfully writes innumerable verse, and plays his harp, all jangling and thus out of tune? Certainly it seems so. In his poems he uses the old mythology, and in bad taste; talks of Gods, and not God; of Pan, the Oreads, Titan, Jove and Mars, the Parcae and the Dæmon.

There are three elaborate poems which demand a word of notice. The "Woodnotes" contains some good thoughts, and some pleasing lines, but on the whole a Pine tree which should talk like Mr. Emerson's pine ought to be plucked up by the roots and cast into the depths of the sea. "Monadnoc" is the title of another piece which appears forced and unnatural, as well as poor and weak. The third is called "initial, dæmonic and celestial Love." It is not without good thoughts, and here and there a good line, but in every attribute of poetry it is far inferior to his majestic essay on Love. In his poetry Mr. Emerson often loses his command of language, metaphors fail him, and the magnificent images which adorn and beautify all his prose works, are gone.

From what has been said, notwithstanding the faults we have found in Emerson, it is plain that we assign him a very high rank in the literature of mankind. He is a very extraordinary man. To no English writer since Milton can we assign so high a place; even Milton himself, great genius though he was, and great architect of beauty, has not added so many thoughts to the treasury of the race; no, nor been the author of so much loveliness. Emerson is a man of genius such as does not often appear, such as has never appeared before in America, and but seldom in the world. He learns from all

sorts of men, but no English writer, we think, is so original. We sincerely lament the want of logic in his method, and his exaggeration of the intuitive powers, the unhappy consequences of which we see in some of his followers and admirers. They will be more faithful than he to the false principle which he lays down, and will think themselves wise because they do not study, learned because they are ignorant of books, and inspired because they say what outrages common sense. In Emerson's poetry there is often a ruggedness and want of finish which seems wilful in a man like him. This fault is very obvious in those pieces he has put before his several essays. Sometimes there is a seed-corn of thought in the piece, but the piece itself seems like a pile of rubbish shot out of a cart which hinders the seed from germinating. His admirers and imitators not unfrequently give us only the rubbish and probably justify themselves by the example of their master. Spite of these defects, Mr. Emerson, on the whole, speaks with a holy power which no other man possesses who now writes the English tongue. Others have more readers, are never sneered at by respectable men, are oftener praised in the Journals, have greater weight in the pulpits, the cabinets and the councils of the nation ; but there is none whose words so sink into the mind and heart of young men and maids ; none who work so powerfully to fashion the character of the coming age. Seeing the power which he exercises, and the influence he is likely to have on generations to come, we are jealous of any fault in his matter, or its form, and have allowed no private and foolish friendship to hinder us from speaking of his faults.

This is his source of strength : his intellectual and moral sincerity. He looks after Truth, Justice, and Beauty. He has not uttered a word that is false to his own mind or conscience ; has not suppressed a word because he thought it too high for men's comprehension, and therefore dangerous to the repose of men. He never compromises. He sees the chasm between the ideas which come of man's nature and the institutions which represent only his history ; he does not seek to cover up the chasm, which daily grows wider between Truth and Public Opinion, between Justice and the State, between Christianity and the Church ; he does not seek to fill it up, but he asks men to step over and build institutions commensurate with their ideas. He trusts himself, trusts man, and trusts God. He has confidence in all the attributes of infinity. Hence he is serene ; nothing disturbs the even poise of his

character, and he walks erect. Nothing impedes him in his search for the true, the lovely and the good; no private hope, no private fear, no love of wife or child, of gold, or ease, or fame. He never seeks his own reputation; he takes care of his Being, and leaves his seeming to take care of itself. Fame may seek him; he never goes out of his way a single inch for her.

He has not written a line which is not conceived in the interest of mankind. He never writes in the interest of a section, of a party, of a church, of a man, always in the interest of mankind. Hence comes the ennobling influence of his works. Most of the literary men of America, most of the men of superior education, represent the ideas and interests of some party; in all that concerns the welfare of the Human Race, they are proportionably behind the mass who have only the common culture; so while the thought of the people is democratic, putting man before the accidents of a man, the literature of the nation is aristocratic, and opposed to the welfare of mankind. Emerson belongs to the exceptional literature of the times—and while his culture joins him to the history of man, his ideas and his whole life enable him to represent also the nature of man, and so to write for the future. He is one of the rare exceptions amongst our educated men, and helps redeem American literature from the reproach of imitation, conformity, meanness of aim, and hostility to the progress of mankind. No faithful man is too low for his approval and encouragement; no faithless man too high and popular for his rebuke.

A good test of the comparative value of books, is the state they leave you in. Emerson leaves you tranquil, resolved on noble manhood, fearless of the consequences; he gives men to mankind, and mankind to the laws of God. His position is a striking one. Eminently a child of Christianity and of the American idea, he is out of the Church and out of the State. In the midst of Calvinistic and Unitarian superstition, he does not fear God, but loves and trusts Him. He does not worship the idols of our time—Wealth and Respectability, the two calves set up by our modern Jeroboam. He fears not the damnation these idols have the power to inflict—neither poverty nor social disgrace. In busy and bustling New England comes out this man serene and beautiful as a star, and shining like “a good deed in a naughty world.” Reproached as an idler, he is active as the sun, and pours out his radiant truth on Lyceums at Chelmsford, at

Waltham, at Lowell, and all over the land. Out of a cold Unitarian Church rose this most lovely light. Here is Boston, perhaps the most humane city in America, with its few noble men and women, its beautiful charities, its material vigor, and its hardy enterprise; commercial Boston, where honor is weighed in the public scales, and justice reckoned by the dollars it brings; conservative Boston, the grave of the Revolution, wallowing in its wealth, yet grovelling for more, seeking only money, careless of justice, stuffed with cotton yet hungry for tariffs, sick with the greedy worm of avarice, loving money as the end of life, and bigots as the means of preserving it; Boston, with toryism in its parlors, toryism in its pulpits, toryism in its press, itself a tory town, preferring the accidents of man to man himself—and amidst it all there comes Emerson, graceful as Phœbus-Apollo, fearless and tranquil as the sun he was supposed to guide, and pours down the enchantment of his light, which falls where'er it may, on dust, on diamonds, on decaying heaps to hasten their rapid rot, on seeds new sown to quicken their ambitious germ, on virgin minds of youth and maids to waken the natural seed of nobleness therein, and make it grow to beauty and to manliness. Such is the beauty of his speech, such the majesty of his ideas, such the power of the moral sentiment in men, and such the impression which his whole character makes on them, that they lend him, everywhere, their ears, and thousands bless his manly thoughts.

ART. V. — PANSLAVISM.

DR. BERKLEY, Bishop of Cloyne, in 1725, sung of North America, already aspiring to freedom, the following verses:

The Muse, disgusted at an aged clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.
In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true.
In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
 Such as she bred, when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Westward Dr. Berkley's muse takes her flight; how many thousands of Europe's children have since hastened in the same direction; how many thousand hearts are still sending thither, across the Atlantic, their longing wishes. The mighty uprising of the nations of Middle Europe during the two past years, has been followed by so terrible an overthrow from the East, that even yet one rubs his eyes and asks himself, where and in what times are we living? Absolutism raises its head again in power, and threatens to trample down the fruits of centuries of care and culture. The butcheries of the courts martial in Vienna, in Baden, and in Hungary; the prisons filled throughout the land, and especially in Prussia and Austria, with political offenders, testify to the effects of the influence that is dragging Western Europe away from America with the arms of Russia. Absolutism and Democracy are now in contest for the possession of Europe.

Is the will of a single privileged individual to be law, or the constitutionally pronounced voice of the community? That is the question towards the solution of which all things are now tending. Democracy seemed, a year ago, secure of victory; now we might almost pronounce it entirely overthrown. Either statement however would be an exaggeration. Thus much is certain, the struggle still continues; the victories of the Democratic movement were only successful skirmishes. The dangers are still great. The position of Russia is threatening; the Czar stands forward so distinctly as the champion of Absolutism that sheer blindness alone can overlook or disregard the advance of the northern giant.

And truly gigantic are the proportions of the Russian empire. Nearly half of Asia and more than half of Europe are united into one whole under the sway of the potentate of St. Petersburg. What David and the Prophets foretold of a universal kingdom seems to find a fulfilment in Russia. What

the Jews dreamed of, what the Romans attempted, is perhaps reserved to the Russians to accomplish. The Roman empire, it is true, embraced the most cultivated nations of the populous shores of the Mediterranean. But Russia also since the time of Peter the Great has been making advances in culture, and at the same time endeavoring to get into her possession the sea-coasts of the North and the South. The contest for freedom in Hungary, in which the Poles participated, kindled the flames of Democracy on the borders of the Czar's dominions. By cunning and by force the flame has been got under, and the smoke rolls in suffocating volumes upon the West of Europe. The attempt to introduce the spirit of the new world and the new time into the neighborhood of Russia, has failed, and has only gone to increase her might and importance. Austria lies prostrate in the bonds of her powerful neighbor, and seeks a cold comfort in the notion that Russia fought in Hungary only for her own safety. Germany is the outwork against this Slavonian inundation. But how stands it with this outwork? We can only say, the stones that must compose it, the individual German states, are there; but the wall is not yet built; the unity of Germany is as yet far from being accomplished. Russia knows who her foes are, and weighs their power; she will leave nothing undone that may contribute to prevent a federative union in Germany. The matter at present is in her own hands; the German union is in treaty between the hostile, jealous states of Prussia and Austria. Every government in Germany has it in its power to interrupt and to hinder. In short, Germany lies open to the enemy. The emissaries of the Russian monarch are at work in all the Cabinets. The German princes, disunited among themselves, are the more inclined to the Russian policy in proportion as they seek to oppose the progress of Democracy; and the more they oppose it, the more they come under the yoke of Russia. Then is not the power of the Sultan at Constantinople dependent upon the pleasure of the Czar? Does not Russia know that the Christians of Greece are anxiously expecting his approach, and can hardly wait for the day when the Russian eagle will perch upon St. Sophia's, — and the crescent make room for the cross? Will powerless Italy and the tottering Papal throne refuse the Russians a passage over the Alps and over the Rubicon?

And finally France with her Napoleonidæ, that is, with the ashes of Napoleon, will she dare to remember the battles of

Smolensk and Moskowa? Every fibre of France is quivering with the painful thought; Napoleon's fall was the triumph of Russia!

The balance of power in Europe has long ago become an empty figure of speech in the mouths of European diplomats; Russia in particular looks down with a smile of pity upon this decayed fragment of ancient times in the heads of politicians. Cunning in politics, Russia ignores the balance of power, and thinks only of an overbalance, of a scale with chaff in one scale-pan, and the hundred-weight of her might and greatness in the other. People in Europe are afraid of a European war, and this fear prompts moderation and forbearance. Russia does not fear the war; she ardently desires it. A European war is for Russia equivalent to the possession of Europe. Already the armed hordes are encamped on the western frontiers; ready at the word of the Czar to overrun and conquer the defenceless territories of his disunited and already half-vanquished opponents. He will then openly rule over the powers that before were already in his interest, and the Emperor of Russia will be Emperor of Europe. Will England withstand him? She will suffer the punishment due for having left Poland and Hungary to perish at the feet of Russia. The nations of German and Roman origin will be swallowed up by Russia. Such is the progress of Panslavism in point of fact! But there is also an *ideal* Panslavism, which is the foundation of the other.

The Slavonic race consider the right of universal dominion as belonging to itself, and itself as the upholder of true Christianity, the true Church, and thus the true source of Salvation to the nations. Moreover it has always kept itself free from all democratic movements and revolutionary desires, and has preserved in its politics a patriarchal system. Every thing has a fixed, Asiatic stamp, a persistency untouched by the variable-ness of the West of Europe. If we wish to look a little into the cradle of Panslavistic notions, we must, amongst other documents, examine a book that appeared in Paris in 1845, under the title of: "*L' église officielle et le messianisme, l' église et le messie*," by Adam Mickiewicz. The author of this work calls the Slavonians the people of the purest patriarchal religion, unspoiled by phantasy and by science, full of innate piety; the people of expectation, whose history and development are yet to come; a people of Brahmins, of priests and kings, of true Christians, with whom a new era of spiritual philosophy will commence. Thus it is that Slavonianism sets

off its Asiatic barbarism. In what light does Protestantism appear to it? The author of the above work says, I. 336: "A great number of Protestant clergymen have taken to abstract philosophy, *because they no longer believed in Jesus.*" Page 418: "It is the customary tactics of the philosophers of the Protestant school, to cover themselves with the cloak of Christianity; this is based on a profound contempt for the people, who must be left in their ignorance. Thus the Protestant clergymen preach in the pulpit a truth which they ridicule in the study." Page 430: "Schleiermacher did not even believe in the existence of Jesus."*

Of the Roman Catholic Church he says: Salvation is no longer to be expected from the official Church of Rome; she has no apostolic clergy, no evangelical speech, no sympathy for misfortune, no power to produce new prayers, no self-denial, no force to oppose Protestantism, no inspiration from inward sight, no fellowship of the spirit, no creative idea and no living word; her priests are only the "*commis-voyageurs du Catholicisme.*"

The views of the Panславists, as to the part they are to play in history, and how they consider themselves appointed to conduct the destinies of the nations, chosen of God and girt for the task of rescuing the world from destruction, infidelity and anarchy, all this may be best seen from the following account in the Gazette Politique of St. Petersburg, of a year back:

"The Emperor, before his departure for the campaign against Hungary, summoned the Russian and Polish Bishops to St. Petersburg. From Poland the Bishops Holowinski, Borowski, and Zylinski were sent for. The first of these gave thanks in the name of the whole for the condescension shown to them, and said that by means of the faith, of conscience, love and persuasion, they would strive to lead the people in the way of quiet and obedience, and resist the spirit of anarchy, and that they thought, in this way, to further the wishes of the Emperor. The Emperor shook him by the hand, and said, amongst other things, 'I will have no new

* A Protestant theologian of Germany, Dr. Kalb, of Wechselburg, in Saxony, thus replies: (Allgemeine Zeitung für Christenthum und Kirche. No. 32, 1846.) "Who that knows anything of history and philosophy can overlook the enlightening, refreshing, invigorating, enlivening, edifying spirit of Kant's doctrine of the consciousness of the moral law as the divine order of the world, Fichte's lofty idealism, Schelling's insight into the divine unity of all contradictions in nature; communicated from them to the Church and to Science, and especially to German theology. So that all humanity has to thank the leaders of German philosophy for a good part of the progress we have made towards reconciling Religion and Science, Church and State."

faith. They have invented a new Catholic faith abroad, but I will not have it introduced into my Empire, for these new lights are the greatest of rebels. Without the faith nothing can stand. We see in the West what becomes of men when they have no belief; what absurdities they are perpetrating there! I foresaw it all when I returned from Rome. Religion has entirely disappeared from the West; this is shown by the manner in which they are treating the Pope. *It is only in Russia that the true faith prevails*, and I hope (here the Emperor crossed himself) that the holy faith will sustain itself. I said to the late Pope, Gregory XVI., what no one had ever said to him before. The present Pope is an honest man and had good intentions, but he gave himself up too much at first to the spirit of the time. The King of Naples is a good Catholic; they slandered him to the Pope, but now he has had to take refuge with him after all."

Bishop Holowinski replied: "Circumstances prevailed upon the Holy Father; he could not resist the spirit of the time." "That is possible," answered the Emperor, "but all these troubles come from a want of faith; I am no fanatic, but my faith is firm. In the West there are only two alternatives, either fanaticism or complete atheism. (Here he turned to the Polish Bishops.) You are the neighbors of these misguided people; your example ought to be a lesson to them. Should you meet with any difficulties, apply to me. My whole force shall be directed (here he raised his clenched fist) to the repression of this torrent of unbelief and disorder, which is spreading more and more, and which even seeks to force its way into my territories. The spirit of revolution gains ground through atheism; *in the West there is no faith*; and I swear that worse will come of it to them." Here the Emperor turned to the Metropolitan, kissed his hand and said: "Hitherto we have ever been on good terms with each other; I hope it will so continue." In these words of the Emperor we have a full expression of Panslavistic sentiments: "In Russia alone prevails the true faith! In the West there is no faith." What an apostolic mission is bestowed upon Russia! In the name of the faith they are to go forth against anarchy and unbelief, and conquer the world. The Slavonians are the people chosen of God in modern times. What was shown to the Jews and Romans only from afar, is granted to them. To them therefore apply the words of the 149th Psalm: "The Lord taketh pleasure in His people; He will beautify the meek with salvation. Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be

in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand. To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishment upon the people. To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron. To execute upon them the judgment written : this honor have all His saints."

With this proud consciousness, the lust of dominion is justified by their own orthodoxy of belief and the heresy of their enemies, and its gratification favored by the disunion of their opponents and their struggle for absolute power for themselves. The more western countries of Europe have but one way of escape from Russian supremacy ; namely, to form themselves into a thorough and consistent opposition to her principles, by accepting free democratic sentiments, and developing them in all directions in the State, thereby embracing with renewed enthusiasm a practical Christianity, with all its deep, inward, joyful peace and freedom. Thus would they be outwardly and inwardly armed, and the threatening storm of Panславism, ideal and practical, would melt before them into mist. Would that all men of Western Europe might accept, with the joyful certainty of victory, the truth held up to us by the celebrated Swiss theologian, Merle d'Aubigne, ("Luther and Calvin, or the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, their difference and their essential unity,") "Democracy is the future towards which all nations are advancing." Would that all the governments of Western Europe, and especially of Germany, would pay attention to the words of St. René Taillandier, (*Rev. des deux Mondes*: *Hist. du parlement de Frankfort*, Paris, 1849, IV. 148;) "The triumph of the feudal and pietistic party would be the triumph of Russia, and after having perforce made use of this dangerous ally, Vienna and Berlin should be thinking of fortifying themselves against her. It would be wise for these governments, after the disorders of the two last years, to reject the counsels of a blind reaction, and themselves raise up the constitutional party. In the present condition of Germany, this would be not merely an act of generosity, it would be the most sagacious policy. The revolutionists have compromised the ancient unity of Germany, and put her liberties in peril ; let the governments repair all these disasters ; let them lay the foundations of a new union ; let them secure to modern society the legitimate guarantees demanded by the progress of reason. The revolutionists have brought Russia into Germany ; *let the governments, by taking up the liberal side, protect Germany against Russian influence !*"

ART. VI.—THE POSTAL SYSTEM EXCLUSIVE.

AMONGST the various topics that grow out of the postal system of this country, is one which touches the basis of the establishment. It is now, for the first time, denied that that system has had, or has any legal existence under the Constitution as a monopoly. A denial from a high source, and calmly and clearly made, is entitled to consideration. All constitutional questions are grave and momentous ones; but the extent of operation and the influence of the post-office department are such; its economy, revenue and success, and the necessities of the people depend on such influences, that this becomes one of the most important ones which can be presented to the people.

The source from which, if at all, Congress derives the power to claim a monopoly in the post-office department, is the clause in the Constitution, authorizing that body "to establish post-offices and post-roads," Art. 1, §8, and "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested," &c.

Under this sanction, Congress has, during the whole course of the government, passed laws more or less exclusive in character. It has been very justly stated as "the result of an analysis of the post-office legislation of the country, that under the power to establish post-offices and post-roads, the general government has claimed the right to raise a revenue by postage on letters, and the exclusive right to convey mailable matter, not only throughout the country, but also between our own and other countries."

The question is whether the Constitution confers any such exclusive right. Let the right of mail carriage throughout this country be first considered.

The most obvious remark, that the power is not granted in exclusive terms and is not prohibited either to States or individuals, will be found to have little force. Besides begging the question, it involves a doctrine of construction that has never been held sound, and, what is of more importance, it precludes all considerations relating to the subject matter and the objects of the grant.

A constitutional frame of government cannot be thus construed. It is not, in all or most instances, to be settled by mere rules of grammar or scientific definition of terms, which, like analogies and juxtaposition, may aid in construction, but rather

by the nature, objects and origin of the grant. There is danger in adhering to the strict letter.

There is another danger of being misled by the classification of what was not written with a view to classification, though that may be a help to a certain extent and for certain ends. Thus, because certain powers, granted to Congress, are prohibited to the States, such as the regulation of commerce, the treaty making power, and the right to coin money, the rule, *expressio unius exclusio alterius*, is not to be applied and the inference drawn that all not prohibited are reserved to the States. Nor can it be held that this power is not exclusive because it is not in terms granted to Congress exclusively, as is the right of legislation over "forts, arsenals, the District," &c.

Nor can one justly go a step further, and hold that this power is exclusive, because the exercise of a like power would be incompatible in its very nature, as is the right of naturalization; or claim the converse, that, so far as a concurrent exercise of the power did not prevent or interfere with the exercise of that granted, it would be lawful.

There are subjects, over which the power granted to Congress must, from the nature of those subjects, be exclusive. The surrender of fugitives from labor is a matter of international concern. The right of granting patents and copy-rights, had the word "exclusive" not been used, would, from the nature of the things, have been exclusive. Over other subjects, Congress has jurisdiction which is exclusive to a certain point; yet the States may also legislate upon them. Instances are seen in license and quarantine laws. On others still there is concurrent legislation and direct or incidental interference.

Now the power in question is not granted exclusively, nor granted to Congress and prohibited to States or persons, in terms; it is not indivisible by nature; it is not of exclusive international concern, so that for that cause it must be under the control of a power above the States to keep them from conflict; it is not of such a public national character that it must be vested in the general government, as alone fit to negotiate with foreign powers; it must obviously depend on considerations different from those that govern these various classes of cases, though they may all serve to illustrate it.

If this be correct, many of the objections to the exclusive grant of the power are disposed of. We must turn, then, from that construction, which is based on punctuation, collocation, and rules of an arbitrary nature, to that construction which

looks to the nature, history and ends of the thing itself and of the government.

Now the first inquiry is, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, what was understood by the terms post-offices and post-roads, which Congress had the power given to it to establish. One might stop at any point, from the mere designation of buildings and routes, up to the monopoly of mail carriage—the present postal system. How far was the grant actually thought to extend when it was made?

Post-offices and post-roads are of recent origin. Under the English government, the carriage of the mails of the realm, had been an exclusive right; a monopoly, secured as a source of revenue to the King, or some subject, by grant; as the various acts of parliament, from the time of the first establishment of mails downwards, show.

In this country, under the colonial governments, a few short periods excepted, the post-office had always been understood to mean, not a place of deposit, or for receipt and delivery of letters; not the carriage of the mails; not alone a system of offices, posts, and officers; but the department in which was vested the monopoly of the mail business of the country.

In the earlier history of the Colonies, indeed, we find the Virginia idea of a post-office. Thus in Massachusetts, on the records of the General Court in 1639, 5th, 9th month, it appears that:

“For preventing the miscarriage of letters:—It is ordered Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters, which are brought from beyond the seas, or are to bee, sent thither; are to bee brought unto him and he is to take care, that they bee delivered, or sent according to their directions and hee is allowed for every such letter 1d. and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind; provided that no man shall bee compelled to bring his letters thither except hee please.”

In 1667 the merchants of Boston presented to the General Court this petition:

“We whose names are under written, hearing many complaints made by Merchants and others, and several of us being sensible of the loss of letters: whereby Merchants especially, with their friends and employers in forraigne parts are greatly damnified: many times the letters imposed and throwne upon the Exchange so that who will may take them up: no person without some satisfaction being willing to trouble their houses therewith: so that

letters of great moment are frequently lost : our humble request, therefore, to this Honoured Court is, that they will please to depute some meet person to take in and convey Letters according to their direction : and the Honoured Court sett the prices on letters & state that affaire. And if this Honoured Court please, we suppose Lt. Richarde Way may be a fit person for that service.

(Signed) William Brattle & others."

But in 1693 a postal system was established. The act of Massachusetts, after reciting that their Majesties in 1691 had, by letters patent, granted, for the term of twenty-one years, the right to establish an office, enacted that a general Letter Office be erected and established in some convenient place within the town of Boston, from whence all letters and pacquets could be sent into any part of their Majesties' dominions ; and it conferred on " the master of the Office, his servant or agent & no other person or persons whatsoever," the right of " receiveing, takeing up, ordering, dispatching and sending post or with speed and delivering of letters and pacquets whatsoever " where posts should be established, except letters of merchants and masters sent by any masters of ships, &c., and letters sent by private friends on the way of their journey, or by special messenger.

The act after fixing the rates provides :

" That no person or persons whatsoever, or body politic or corporate, other than the Post Master general aforesaid shall presume to carry, recarry or deliver letters for hire other than as before expressed, or to set up or employ any foot post, horse post or packet boat whatsoever, for the carrying, conveying and bearing of any letters or packets, by sea or land within this Province, or shall hire or maintain horses & furniture for the equipping of any persons riding post with a guide & horn, as is usual in their majesties' realm of England, upon the pain of forfeiting the sum of forty pounds current money of this Province for every several offence against the tenor of this present act, to be sued and recovered in any Court of record within this Province, by bill, plaint or information, wherein no essoyne, protection or wager of law shall be allowed," &c.

It then provides that all letters or packets brought by any masters of ships, or their company or passengers, must be delivered to the Postmaster to be delivered by him. Provisions were made to compel the Postmaster to support the regular posts, to deliver and despatch promptly and to stamp all

letters with the day of receipt, and to compel ferrymen to carry the post riders.

Similar acts were passed in the other Colonies.

In 1774, the Boston Committee of Correspondence proposed to the Salem Committee to establish a post-office and post riders between those cities, independent of parliament. The proposal recognizes the exclusive character of the mail system.

In 1775, Congress resolved "that a Postmaster-General be appointed for the United Colonies and a line of posts established." This created a monopoly.

By the articles of confederation, Art. 9th, the United States, in Congress assembled, had "the sole and exclusive right and power" of . . . "establishing and regulating post-offices, from one state to another throughout all the United States, and exacting such postage on the papers passing through the same as may be requisite to defray the expenses of the said office."

Thus stood this subject when the Convention of 1787 was called. The first trace of it in that convention is found in the draft of a plan of government submitted by Pinckney, May 29th, 1787, in this language, "to establish post-offices." In Patterson's resolutions it was proposed to raise revenue by postages on letters and packages passing through the post-office. The subject, however, was left in the language of Mr. Pinckney in the the draft of a constitution reported Aug. 6th. It was amended on the 16th by adding the words "and post-roads." A proposition was afterwards made and referred to the committee to vest in Congress power "to regulate stages on post-roads," but the provision was not altered.

Now the general language "to establish post-offices and post-roads" is broad enough to confer a sole power if the idea then attached to the grant was that of an unit, an indivisible thing. It is true the language of the confederation, "the sole and exclusive right and power," is not used. Were the Constitution in fact a mere revision or copy, the omission would be significant of an intent that the grant should not be exclusive. As it is, it is rather to be inferred that the omission was because the terms themselves, the general language without prohibition, were expressive of an entire and exclusive grant. The Post-office was first created, had from time immemorial been, and then was in actual operation as a monopoly, a unit, a department of government. It was not thought of as having an existence in any other form; and it was thus thought to be granted. More would have been tautology.

This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that there are no marks of design in the omission that can warrant the inference of an intent to leave the business of mail carrying to private enterprise, or to create a public department that should be subject to the rivalry of private competition.

Such, too, was the understanding of the framers of the Constitution. The law passed in 1789 provided that "the regulations of the Post-office should be the same as they were under the resolutions and ordinances of the late Congress."

It is not just to say that this was passed without thought, in the emergency of the time, whilst getting a new government into operation. But if there did then exist a necessity for creating an exclusive power, it would follow that the power granted was meant to be exclusive, rather than the entire grant should be empty and useless.

Congress, under the Constitution, took the thing as it existed, as it had been created and used under the Colonies. The document of Postmaster Osgood, of 1790, shows that, according to the best opinions of that day, the Constitution vested in Congress the right to exclude all persons from interference with the internal or the foreign postal system. Thus he names, amongst the evils which can be more easily remedied "under the present government," that "stage-drivers, and private post-riders may have been carriers of many letters which ought to have gone in the mail," and "that ship-letters may not have been properly attended to."

The grant was not made to Congress as of a thing to be taken away, in this mode, from the States or the body of the people, and for which a monopoly could be secured for the benefit of the general government, a regular branch of trade then followed by private men and companies, but as a system, which had always been an unit, self-supporting, because not of such universal use as to be a just ground of general taxation; exclusive, because a monopoly was the only means by which its existence could be preserved, and one to be built up and confirmed, to meet the wants of trade and commerce, to add to the comfort and convenience of the people. Strictly, this grant created a department, not for the State, but "for the people," a public institution.

The object of the grant was not stated, as was that of granting the power to secure patents and copy-rights to authors and inventors, but it is obvious enough. It was to answer the wants of the people; to promote their good by providing safe,

sure and prompt means for receiving, carrying, and delivering mail matter ; that is, all such matter, written or printed, as is ordinarily used for communicating intelligence. Congress was made the judge of what the grant was, and of the extent of the necessity for its exercise. Congress alone could judge what means were necessary to be used to make the exercise of the grant useful. Had the grant been different — still, in order to sustain it, if it had been necessary that all others should be prohibited from interfering with it, Congress must judge of the necessity.

The suggestion that as Congress can define mailable matter it may monopolize the carrying trade of the country, is a mere bugbear, a shadow. It might, as reasonably be dreamed that the people, acting through Congress, would, to their own destruction, define coin, patents or commerce to be something that was never dreamed of. Because things, not letters, but ordinarily sent with them, and like them, and not interfering with their carriage, but a natural incident thereto, and others ordinarily used and required by the state of society for communicating intelligence, are defined to be mailable matter, it by no means follows that heavy merchandise can be so defined. The exact line of division may not be marked. But the species are distinct enough to any clear mind. The suggestion is scarcely worth answering.

This view is confirmed by the fact, which scarcely leaves the point open, that Congress has uniformly exercised the power as it was originally understood to have been granted, as creating a monopoly in the general government.

The result is a just comment on the exercise of the grant as an exclusive one.

Suppose, from the beginning, that the mails had always been open to private competition, would the country have had in 1847 sixteen thousand post-offices ? and four millions paid for postage ? Would the country be what it is ? Would the people be what they are ? Individuals would have found little encouragement to establish posts even between the greater cities in the earlier years of our history, could never have sustained them between the most numerous class of places where the mail was transported under government, and would never have dreamed of such a folly as to fancy that money could be made by maintaining them on to the frontier towns and posts, in advance of our widening civilization.

Yet it is plain that the establishment of posts between those

places where private enterprise never could have established them, has been one of the means, how great and efficient let every one imagine, of extending the civilization and promoting the settlement of the country.

Yet it may be urged that the government may establish such post-offices as are necessary and lean still to private competition, to provide for such as can be managed better by private individuals than by the government.

The nature and objects of the grant are such that, had not its terms been sufficiently broad to vest an exclusive power in the general government, still they would have created a monopoly from the necessity of the case.

The risk of robbery and of frauds is such, such are the operations of all private enterprises, that it is impossible that the safety and convenience of the public can be answered in any other mode. The absolute necessity of an uniform, regular, simple, sure system, is quite as great as that the merchant's counting room should be opened every morning.

Men may exchange, barter, or pay in silver and gold as much as they please, yet the coining of money is held as an exclusive prerogative, because the safety and convenience of the people can not be secured in any other mode — only by having coin of uniform and certain value, so as to be really current. This would be reason enough, were there no words of prohibition, for saying that coinage should not be open to private individuals. And for analogous reasons must the grant of the right to establish post-offices be held to be exclusive in its nature. The ancient acts that have been cited show, upon a very small scale, the nature of the evil, which would become intolerable in the midst of a country and a commerce so extensive as ours are at this day.

This argument might be pressed, and, if the question is ever to become a serious one, will justly be urged, and be found to be of controlling weight. As a mere question of expediency as to the means of securing a safe, sure, and prompt mode of supplying one of the necessities of the people, it will be found that the considerations already alluded to might, if the question were a new and open one, lead to the adoption of the very principle that is now acted upon. Analogous principles established a bank. Yet how much more clearly do these justify, under the express language of the Constitution, the exercise on the part of Congress, of the exclusive right of controlling the mails of the country.

Another consideration, scarcely less in importance, is found in the influence that is exerted, through the operations of the post-office department, upon the mind of the people. The human frame, deprived of a free and healthy circulation of the blood, plainly teeming with loathsome diseases, and sure of a life of pain and premature death, would not differ more from a healthy body than would this country differ from what it now is, had it never had the post-office department. Next to its churches and common schools, is it indebted to this for its intelligence, its national feeling and character, its friendly intercourse and sympathy, its unequalled enterprise and its prosperity.

But we cannot pursue this argument. In case the question were one of interpretation and the terms of the original grant did not imply the idea of an exclusive one, based upon different grounds indeed, but quite as much exclusive, notwithstanding, as the right to grant patents, secure copy-rights, to coin money, and more so than some others that have been exercised under the Constitution, then this argument would warrant a construction that should secure to the people, the existence of this department with its exclusive rights, as a thing made and established "for the people," and of which, because of its nature and mode of operation, the people must have control.

One other fact must be adverted to. If the contemporaneous and constant construction or exposition of the grant has decided that it was intended to be exclusive, the constant acquiescence of the whole body of the people in that exposition, the uniform action of all the branches of government certainly have placed the point beyond question, so far as any point can be settled by one long and uninterrupted acquiescence. It is not a little singular that "not a single public man" has ever questioned that the laws were constitutional, though they have been in force ever since 1789.

The position seems now to be taken, because it is a time of revolution, or at least, great change in the principles that govern the mail system, and because of new inventions, which have essentially changed the means of transporting the mails and of communicating intelligence between places distant from each other. Questions like this arise naturally enough; but, so far as a question of constitutional law is to be made, it must be decided not by the present state of facts, but by those that existed at the period when the Constitution went into force.

No argument against the monopoly can be drawn from the

idea that the prohibitions of the law "have been constantly violated, every day and every hour in the day," which has been clumsily suggested, more particularly as in the same breath it is urged that no one had any interest to violate them. The fact is that the same evils interfered with the Post-office under the Colonial governments as are now felt, and the acts are aimed against them.

If any conclusion were justly and legally to be deduced from the application of present facts to the old law of the Constitution, it would not be that the law must be sacrificed or its construction be varied, age after age, as the machinery and inventions of the age vary or improve, but rather that any new inventions for doing the old work, if of such a character as would throw it all into the hands of private speculators, destroy the mail of the country, and leave the people to such arrangements in such places as might be found profitable for speculation, should yield to the higher claims of the whole country. It might be claimed that, it being settled on the highest grounds and on mature consideration that the people must have this department under its supreme control, for safety, security, promptness, cheapness and universal operation, in the quickest and most unerring certainty, no invention, like that of the telegraph, for instance, should be allowed to be operated by private speculators in the shape of a monopoly, which should impede the operation of the post-office department, or defeat the ends for which it is supported. The end is, to put all men on equal footing so far as the transmission of intelligence is concerned, and, for reasons vital to the public welfare, aim, as far as human power can effect it, to have it as free, as quick, as sure and as cheap as the light of day.

The time may come when a free mail will be felt to be as necessary as free schools.

Monopoly is a term which cannot justly be applied, in its odious sense, to the action of Government. The power now exercised by the post-office department is not one held for its own emolument or the benefit of the Government, to the exclusion and prejudice of private individuals, in order that, and because the State should make the money that is to be made, rather than private men or companies, but as a sacred trust reposed there, for the very reason that it is of such vital moment that no men or companies ought to make money out of it, it must be surely, safely, promptly, universally done, as no men or bodies of men would or could do it. The whole body

of the people retains it, to prevent monopoly, the only forms of monopoly that ever need be feared. Were any one now allowed freely to transact any mail business, it would not be long before private enterprise, capital, personal or corporate influence, the various things that affect all trades, and others more dangerous and obvious that would be peculiar to this, would be in operation in their full force. Then there would be monopolies. Now, whilst our Government is not above the people, but of the people and for them, it is rather a universal participation in what is of such universal concern that all should share and sustain it alike, and no man be allowed to make a gain out of what must be the loss of some one or of the whole of the people. If the people do not yet feel that all means for transmitting intelligence ought to be open equally and freely to all, they do see that the freest and cheapest postage pays the best, and that they alone can secure that by keeping it in their own control.

It is very likely, if not sure, that the post-office system in this country has many defects. It may be that money is not always well charged or spent; that the true principles on which the tariff of postage is charged, or the departments sustained and conducted, are not known or acted upon. But is it safe to throw up the matter, now that the light is dawning upon us, and leave it all to those who will, for the sake of making money, attempt to effect what we come so near to accomplishing? Will not the people take care of themselves? The matter is, in fact, one for legislation under the Constitution. The people only need to use the powers which they possess, rightly and prudently. They need not abandon the right, if it is not well used; surely not, because it is seen to be of such transcendent interest that a body of men should open a door for a new trade that, in its extent, would rival some of the great branches of commerce. If this were made free, and became an established line of business, and were subject to the same influences that are seen to operate in other affairs, and no other peculiar ones, trade must soon die, and the people themselves sink. But there are also peculiar dangers. The nature of the system is such that to make mail carriage free to all persons, would be to destroy its best features; its safety, promptness, and universality. This would tend to a monopoly of the benefits of using the mail. There would be danger, too, as in all trades, of a monopoly of the profits of the mail in the hands of a few, which, every day's experience shows, even free com-

petition cannot counteract. The results to society are too plain. The ultimate result must be suicidal to the system itself.

One other consideration should be adverted to. If the laws of Congress are unconstitutional, then many acts that have been done are unlawful. Even the judgments of the courts will be overthrown. In questions of mere law, where rules have been long settled and acquiesced in, such results furnish just grounds for refusing to change. But in questions of constitutional law, these considerations have yet greater force, for the action of government not only settles the law, but is itself the interpretation of the Constitution.

The result is that Congress has an exclusive right to the control of the mail: first, because such was the thing granted; second, because such was the contemporaneous interpretation of the grant, and it has ever since been so understood; third, if this were not so, that Congress has, by an uninterrupted and uniform, as well as an unquestioned course of legislation, settled that the exclusiveness of the power granted is necessary to render it of any practical value; and, having the power granted, and, with that, all means necessary for the exercise thereof, it has decided that the entire control of those means is necessary to support the right granted; and that this is a matter entirely within legislative discretion and not open to the revision of any other branch of the government, but only of Congress itself.

In relation to the States, it is to be remarked that they could not have intended to reserve to themselves the power to establish post-offices, whilst by the Constitution, they deprive themselves of the power to make compacts with each other, which would be necessary to establish any system or useful line of posts under their control.

Such seem to be the principles directly applicable to the present postal system. Were they less plain, other powers of Congress, that are undoubted, might be held to require that it should control the mail carriage of the country, as a necessary incident. Suppose there were no such department in this country, and in some other country one were invented, then might not Congress establish it here, to regulate commerce? Surely, a thing can hardly be named more vital to its existence. If it could establish the thing, and a monopoly were necessary to its existence, could it not create an exclusive right? If it were a mere question of support, it might be otherwise. Could a man establish a light-house on his own

shore if it were to mislead mariners? Could the merchants of the country enter into an alliance and fit out an armed fleet? States are prohibited, but if individuals were not impliedly, would it be in the power of each man to make coin for himself?

The post-office department seems to be one of those things, of which the regulation of commerce and the coinage of money are not unfit illustrations in other departments, which, from its very nature, must be exclusive. It is very true that if government has a line of posts from Boston to Washington, one might yet send letters by express over the same route and have the advantage of the double conveyance. Let it be supposed that all other objections are overcome and this is true. Still it will not be thought that private posts can be sustained save on a limited scale. For, were one ever to rival that of the government of this day in completeness, it would be the most dangerous power in the State. Now what is needed is, that every man should be able at his very door to drop his letter into a post that shall with sureness and promptness convey it to any place desired. Practically one sees at a glance that completeness is necessary. It must be borne in mind that nothing but an exclusive system can secure any post to frontier settlements, or to a large portion of the Southern States, because nothing could pay its way.

Now turning to the question of the postal system between our own and foreign countries, we can see more clearly the force of the argument in its application to the internal mail carriage.

It is true, letters can be carried to England by ship, cheaper, if you please in any given instance, under private contract than by mail. But it is also true that it will not be practically possible for one, every time he wishes to send a letter across the Atlantic to make his own arrangements for that purpose. It will not do to trust to private expresses. There might never be one. A man from a far inland town could not avail himself of either. This is a subject that must exist by system, complete and exact system. The general government alone has the only means that can establish such in the treaty making power. It is therefore a fit subject for the exercise of that power. It is also a subject not to be neglected in view of other powers granted to Congress and the duties of the sovereign power in the country. We are very fast coming to the time when a man in the most remote spot on our bor-

ders can communicate with his friends anywhere in the civilized world, through the mail that runs regularly to his door, perhaps through the telegraph, speak in his friend's ear, wherever he may be. Surely it is for the interest of all men that there shall be no speculation in, or monopoly of intelligence, or the means of its transmission. One wishes to know that wherever he is, the government is pledged to carry and bring his messages with unerring certainty, under the inviolable seal. In a democratic state of society, any thing is monopoly which does not keep this power entirely in the control of the whole body of the people, not by competition, but by united and efficient action.

The need of unity of action, in connection with the fact that the general government is the only power that can enter into the necessary stipulations with foreign powers, and make the regulations between the States of the Union requisite to establish a postal system, adds new force to the reasons on which private individuals have been excluded from interference with this most delicate machinery, the action of a single part of which, sensibly affects the whole. The whole government, then, is to be the exclusive manager of the mails, internal and foreign, for the sake of safety, promptness, unity, universality, and sureness of operation throughout this vast country and with all foreign powers. None of these ends can be secured by any thing less than the whole power of the Union.

Whilst such reasons lead to the result that Congress has the right of the exclusive and absolute control of the internal and foreign post-office department, using that phrase in its broadest acceptation, the receiving, carriage, and distribution of all mail matter, and of all such inventions and means of communicating intelligence as may or shall be resorted to for purposes for which the mail is now used, they go far to demonstrate the soundness of some principles touching the mode of exercising this right, which, though not yet beyond dispute, have been partially cyphered out by experience.

Indeed it is a corollary from them, that the power vested in Congress should be so exercised as to enable each man, from any point in the country, to communicate promptly, surely, and in the cheapest mode, with any other point in the world.

Years of returns, that should show a minimum, below which postage would not pay, should not shake one's faith in this conclusion. Yet all returns go far to prove that all mail

matter will pay best at the cheapest postage; for the reason that the actual cost of its carriage and delivery cannot equal the value of the smallest sum that can be paid. It is only because of the burden of what is not mail matter, or of free matter, that the minimum cost is not below the value of the smallest coin—if such be the fact.

The postal system is supported, not for revenue, nor any purpose but the public good. The theory is that it is paid for by a direct tax on all those benefited by it. Government, roads, schools, and the like, are paid for by all, it being conceded that all derive benefit therefrom; though many a taxpayer never votes, or travels over the roads, or sends children to school. It might very well be urged that the direct benefit to the whole people would be quite as great from a free mail, as from various other things, which, from this reason alone, are supported at public cost. It is very well worth considering whether the mere cost of collecting the post-office tax, in the present mode, be not vastly disproportionate to its amount.

It is plain, however, that the nature of the uses for which the mail is resorted to is such, that it is for the interest of the world, that every man should be able to avail himself of the mail, with the least possible restraint; quite as much as it is that streets or schools should be free.

The day has gone by when the post-office was thought to be only for the merchant. Men know now that it is not for the interest of any body, or any State, that any sort of barriers should be set against the freest inter-communication with all parts of the world. In view of this, our foreign postal system is of incalculable importance. It should be sustained with most liberal hand, as the most powerful of engines to contribute to the comfort and convenience of those entitled to the protection of our government, and from far higher considerations of its influence on the culture and peace of the world. Vast as the cost might be of sustaining a foreign system of sufficient completeness to carry out the idea, one cannot help reflecting that it would be well spent, and would not be so great in comparison with some expenditures that now swell the annual debt of the country, on the army and navy list. Perhaps, if a more liberal policy were to govern foreign relations, it might be found that its cost would be saved in the reduced expenditures for the national police, and the ends of man quite as much promoted by provisions for kindly intercourse, as by costly outlays for war.

Every one has at hand ample material, on which he can reckon for himself and decide on the proper price of internal postage. The main problem may be stated thus: does the actual cost of each letter amount to the value of our smallest coin.

But, without dwelling on this topic, we would remark, that the rates of foreign postage are very extravagant. It cannot cost twenty-five cents to take a letter to England or Ireland, or forty cents to carry one to California. The postage to most foreign countries varies from a quarter of a dollar to one dollar. Such rates are so enormous as to be a serious obstacle to the correspondence which most needs fostering. With many countries the postal arrangement is such that it can hardly be said that it secures a mail at all.

Whilst we aim, within our own borders, to secure in the most perfect form, completeness, promptness, safety and cheapness, either from some lingering jealousy of foreigners, or other causes as idle, our foreign postal policy seems to be managed with different views.

Yet it cannot be denied, on a just or practical estimate of the relative importance of different relations, that if a distinction were to be made at all, it might be found expedient to discriminate not against, but in favor of foreign correspondence. It is well to hold Americans, scattered as they are over the world, true to their allegiance; to keep them warm with American ideas, and keep alive their love for their country, for in these days they are missionaries to the rest of men; and whilst there are within our borders many thousands of men and women, from almost every country on the globe, who have given the best proof of their love and fidelity to our government by adopting it, it is well that no means should be omitted that can aid in cherishing their love of home, the land of their nativity and education, the relatives and friends of their childhood.

The foreign influence that would result would be, increase of knowledge, advancement in science and the arts, increase of wealth and comfort, and, above all, sympathy, love, which would quietly settle many troublesome questions that present hard problems to generalship and statesmanship, and would do some good work in the causes on which man is laboring.

ART. VII.—SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

- I.—*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte von Dr. Ph. G. A. Fricke a. Prof. d. Theol. zu Leipzig. Erster Theil., &c. Leipzig, 8vo. Vol. I. pp. xxii. and 391.*

DR. FRICKE is a young man not long ago appointed extraordinary Professor of Theology at Leipsic. We have before us a small work from his pen at an earlier day, with the title: *Nova Argumentorum pro Dei Existentia Expositio. Pars I. et II.* (Lips. 1846. 8vo. P. I. pp. 40. P. II. pp. 39.) It is a valuable tract, learned, judicious, and promising much from the diligence and ability of the author in years to come. It was noticed at the time by Schöberlein, in the tenth No. of Reuter's Repertorium for 1847 (S. 27, *et seq.*). Prof. Fricke has recently prepared the volume named above, as a manual to aid him in teaching ecclesiastical history. Without finding fault with the valuable works of Gieseler and Neander, both of which have been translated by accomplished American scholars, and laid before the public, there is still need of a manual like this of Dr. Fricke. He divides the history of the Christian Church into three periods, namely:

- I. The Ancient Period, from Christ to the Reign of Charlemagne;
- II. The Middle Period, from Charlemagne to the Reformation;
- III. The Modern Period, from the Reformation to the present time.

He intends to devote a volume to each period.

This volume contains an introduction with the usual discussions on the history of the Church; and a preliminary history of Christianity, in which hebraism and heathenism are briefly defined and described; then comes a brief and special introduction to the history of the first period; and next, that history itself, which he divides into three parts, namely:

- I. Of the Inward Development of Christianity;
- II. Of the External Development or extension of Christianity;
- III. Of the Constitution of the Christian Church.

I. He is sometimes inclined to follow the authority of the Acts rather than Paul's epistles. In treating of the three portions of Church history, he is necessarily brief, but by no means a compiler from general histories of the Church; he always goes back to original sources, and refers his students also to the modern protestant writers, whose works bear upon the subject in hand. His chapters on the Apostles and the Apostolic Fathers are well considered and valuable; he does not make the antithesis between Paul and Peter so great as Schwegler and others have done,

neither is he hasty in rejecting the doubtful epistles ascribed to the Apostles or the Fathers. The chapters on Gnosticism are well studied, and refer to the latest literature on the subject. He divides the Gnostics into four classes: the first maintain the unity of Christianity and the ancient forms of religion; on the Jewish side this doctrine is represented in the Clementina, on the heathen side by the Manichees. The second class maintain that Christianity is the old forms of religion carried out to their completion (*der erzielte Höhenpunkt*); this is represented by Basilides, Valentinus, and the Ophites. The third class maintain that Christianity is the only divine religion; here he puts Marcion and his followers. The fourth class of Gnostics are opposed to Christianity; here on its Jewish side he puts the three Samaritan Gnostics with the followers of John the Baptist, and on the heathen side he finds the Neoplatonists.

He traces the gradual development of Catholicism as a system of doctrines, briefly sketching the most important controversies of this period. His account of the practical or moral development brought about by Christianity is brief and sketchy, (pp. 81, 88, 89, 95-96.) His limits did not allow him to say much.

He shows how easily the moral element of Christianity was turned aside into merely mechanical modes of action, and devotes several sections to an account of the development of asceticism and its consequences in various forms. (pp. 90, *et seq.*) The Pelagian controversy is treated at length. (pp. 99-102.)

II. In part II. he treats of the extension of Christianity, and the various conflicts of Christianity with the people, the State, and the science of the times; the successive contests of Christianity with judaism and the heathenism of the Greeks and Romans, the Germans, the Persians, Armenians and Iberians, and the Mohammedans.

III. The third part treats of the constitution of the Christian Church. In a moderate and candid spirit he traces the gradual and unavoidable growth of that powerful organization—the Catholic Church. He gives a long and interesting account of the *cultus* of the Church, of its political form, and of the clergy. He dwells at length on the modifications of the forms of the Church, which arose from the Germans.

This volume contains important extracts from the original authorities, is well printed, and furnished with a copious index of names. On the whole, it must be regarded as a valuable contribution to the literature of ecclesiastical history, and we may predict that the other volumes will increase in value as they successively appear. This volume alone would make the literary reputation of any English or American author.

- II. — *S. Ignatii Patris apostolici quae feruntur Epistolae una cum ejusdem Martyrio: collatis Edd. græcis Versionibusque Syriaca, Armeniaca, latinis denuo recensuit Notasque criticas adjecit Jac. Henr. Petermann, Dr. Univers. Berol. Prof. extr. Academiæ Arm. mehit, etc. Socius. Lips. 1849. 8vo. pp. xxvi. and 565.*

IN this new edition of the works ascribed to St. Ignatius, Petermann reprints the common text, only altered a little here and there, and enriches it with notes, derived chiefly from the Armenian version of Ignatius and the Syriac version (or abridgment) thereof, published by Mr. Cureton in 1845. This work of Petermann, and the *Corpus Ignatianum*, published in the same year by Mr. Cureton, (London, 1849, one volume in large octavo) are the most valuable contributions made to the Ignatian literature for many years. The publication of Cureton's work in 1845 (the ancient Syriac version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, &c. &c.) excited considerable attention. The celebrated chevalier Bunsen wrote his *Die drei achten und die vier unächten Briefe des Ignatius, &c., &c.*, and his *Ignatius und seiner Zeit, &c.*, while Dr. Bauer, of Tübingen, replied, attacking the genuineness of the Syriac epistles in his *Die Ignatianische Briefe und ihrer neueste Kritiker*. Prof. Murdock has published a valuable translation of Cureton's Syriac text of the three epistles of Ignatius, in the *New Englander* for November, 1849, accompanied by some remarks characteristic of that learned and candid scholar.

We are a little surprised to find Dr. Fricke, in a note at the end of his history, saying that the genuineness of the text which Cureton and Bunsen seek to defend is generally regarded in Germany as untenable. The three Syriac epistles are characterized as merely extracts. *Adhuc sub judice lis est.*

- III. *Jahrbücher der biblischen Wissenschaft von Heinrich Ewald, Erstes Jahrbuch, 1848. Gött. 1849, 8vo. pp. iv. & 220.*

IN this work the author designs to give a report of the annual doings in the department of biblical literature. The present volume contains essays on the present condition of biblical science; review of the works in that department which appeared in 1848; an explanation of the early history of the Bible, (*biblische Urgeschichte*); history of freedom in Israel; origin of the gospels; on the shortness of the Bible-word, (*Kürze des Bibehwortes*), the Assyrio-Hebrew punctuation, and on a knowledge of the Apocrypha, with a treatise on the Phœnician inscription lately discovered at Marseilles. These essays are from the unwearied pen of Prof. Ewald, and exhibit his well known peculiarities.

Geschichte der Denk-und Glaubensfreiheit in ersten Jahrhundert des Kaiserschaft und des Christenthums. Von Dr. W. Adolf Schmidt; ausserordentlichen Professor der Geschichte in der Universität zu Berlin. Berlin: 1847. 8 vo., pp. VIII. and 456.

A learned and valuable book, containing a faithful account of the intellectual, moral and religious condition of the Greeks and Romans at the time spoken of.

Holbenii Pictoris Alphabetum Mortis, &c., &c. Köln, Bonn and Brüssell: 1849. 12mo.

This little volnme contains 14 wood cuts of the letters in Hans Holbein's celebrated dance of death. The text is in Latin and German. It is a work of rare beauty.

Beati Patris Francisci Assisiatis Opera omnia, secundam editionem Lucæ Waddingii, denuo edidit, cantica ejus a H. CHIFFELLIO, et JAC LAMPUGNANO, latine et utraque a FRID. SCHLOSSERO Germanice edita recepit, vitam a Sancto BONAVENTURA concinnatam textu recognito adjecit Joh. Jo- von der Burg, Vicarius Ecclesiæ St. Martini Bonnensis, &c., &c. Coloniae, &c., 1849. 12mo., pp. xii. and 429.

THIS is a neat and convenient edition of all the works of the famous St. Francis d'Assisi, which have not been reprinted, we think, since 1723. Bonaventura's Life of the Saint is also reprinted, but we are sorry the earlier life, by his disciple, Thomas de Celano, was not also given, as also the later one by Suysken, both of which contain some curious particulars; but neither of those authors was a saint.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Reverberations. Part Two. London. 1849. 12mo. pp. VI and 107.

Philo an Evangeliad. By the author of "Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal." Boston. 1850. 12mo. 244. [This contains some sentiments and ideas which appear in Margaret, and though in form not so poetical or so pleasing as in the earlier work, it contains much that is humane, if little that is poetical.]

The Birds of Aristophanes. With Notes and a Metrical Table. By C. E. Felton, Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. Cambridge: 1849. 12mo. pp. XVI. and 228. [A neat and convenient edition of this charming drama. The notes are, in general, well studied and suitable for the use of young men at College. Mr. Felton, with the aid of

Prof Agassiz and Von der Mühle has brought the science of ornithology to illustrate the text of Aristophanes.]

Visions and Voices. By James Staunton Babcock, with a biographical sketch of the author. Hartford and New York. 1849. 12mo. pp. VI. and 240. [Mr. Babcock appears to have been a studious and amiable man of considerable promise, who died at the age of 32. The volume contains poetical pieces of a pleasing form, and animated by a kindly and loving spirit.]

Elfride of Guldal, a Scandinavian Legend; and other Poems. By Marks of Barhamville. New York and Philadelphia. 1850. 12mo. pp. 8 and 786.

Poems, by S. G. Saxe. Boston: 1850. pp. VIII., and 130. [Most of these poems have been published before. They are remarkable for verbal wit, and singular adroitness in the use of language. The most original piece, it seems to us, is the poem called "Boys," pp. 81.]

The History of England, &c., &c., by David Hume. Boston: 1850. 12mo. Vol. VI., pp. XVI. and 554. [This volume concludes the Boston edition of Hume's History of England, with the Index. It is well printed, and in a convenient form. The whole work costs but \$3.75.]

The Second Advent, Or what do the Scriptures teach respecting the Coming of Christ, The End of the World, The Resurrection of the Dead, and the General Judgment? By Alpheus Crosby. Boston: 1850. 12mo. pp. 173.

The Life and Religion of Mahommed, as contained in the Sheeah traditions of the Hyât-ul-Kuloob; translated from the Persian, by Rev. James L. Merrick, eleven years missionary to the Persians, — Member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: 1850. 8vo. pp. XVI. and 500.

The War with Mexico Reviewed. By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston, 1850. 12mo. pp. XII. and 310. [A book worthy of the praise it has received.]

History of the Town of Winchendon from the Grant of the Township by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1735, to the present time. By Ezra Hyde. Worcester, 1849. 12mo. pp. 136.

The Stars and the Earth, or Thoughts upon Space, Time and Eternity. First American from the third English Edition. Boston, 1850. 16mo. pp. 88.

A Few Thoughts for a Young Man: a Lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, on its 29th anniversary. By Horace Mann the first Secretary of the Board of Education. Boston, 1850. 18mo. pp. 84.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq., with Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman, &c., &c., A new Edition, to which is added a complete Index of the whole work. In six volumes. Boston, 1850. 8vo. Vol. I., pp. [iv and 590.]

The Sea-side and the Fireside. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston 1850. 12mo. pp. IV and 141.

Der Neue Machiavel, Ein Buch für Fürsten aus den Papieren eines gefallenen Ministers: Manuscript aus Wien. Leipzig 1849. 12m. pp. 78.

PAMPHLETS.

Circassia; or a Tour to the Caucasus. By George Lighton Ditson, Esq. New York and London. 1850. 8vo. pp. 16 and 453.

[The author says little about the country he visited, but states some particulars hitherto unknown concerning the dress and manners of a people who are seldom visited by Europeans or Americans.]

William Penn and Thomas Babbington Macaulay; being brief Observations on the Charges made in Mr. Macaulay's History of England against the Character of William Penn. By W. E. Forster. Revised for the American Edition by the Author. Philadelphia. 1850. 8vo. pp. 48.

[This work is the result of a good deal of research, and seems to be written with candor and plainness. It certainly relieves Mr. Penn from much of the obloquy cast upon his memory by Mr. Macaulay.]

The Tongue; Two Practical Sermons. By T. W. Higginson, Minister of the First Religious Society in Newburyport. Newburyport. 1850. 8vo. p. 18. [Two wise and pertinent sermons.]

Lecture, introductory to the Course in the Starling Medical College, of Columbus, Nov. 7th, 1849, for the Session of 1849-50. By R. L. Howard, M. D. Professor of Surgery. [Published by the class.] Columbus. 1850. 8vo. 25.

The True Cause of the Cholera explained, with appropriate Directions relative, to Diet, Treatment, and Disinfectants. Also the Cause of the Potato Rot explained, with directions how to prevent it. By Thomas White. Cincinnati. 1850, 8vo. pp. 48.

Eighteenth Annual Report presented to the Massachusetts Antislavery Society. By its Board of Managers, Jan. 23d, 1850, with an Appendix.

The Massachusetts System of Common Schools; being an enlarged and revised edition of the Tenth Annual Report of the first Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 212.

[This is a valuable edition of Mr. Mann's celebrated treatise on the Common Schools of Massachusetts.]

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the thirteenth annual Report of the Secretary of the Board. Boston, 1850. 8vo. pp. 51. XXXVIII. LXIII and II.

[There are 215,926 children in Massachusetts between 4 and 16, the mean average attendance upon school is 134,734, or a little more than 62 *per cent.* of all the children in the State. It costs \$836,070.69 to pay the teachers, and \$35,281 64 for the fuel in the schools, and the board of the teachers. The county of Suffolk raises annually by taxes \$10.32 for each child between 4 and 16, and the county of Berkshire only \$1.96. Boston pays \$10.65 for each child, and Salem only \$4.28! There are two towns which pay only \$1.25 a year for the education of each child in the town. These are the names: SAVOY, and ASHFIELD Warwick pays \$1.25 and 8 mills.]

Proceedings of the National Convention of the Friends of Public Education; held in Philadelphia, October 17, 18, 19, 1849. Philadelphia, 1849. 8vo. pp. 40.

The Public Education of the People, an Oration delivered before the Onondaga Teachers' Institute, at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 4th of October 1849. By Theodore Parker. Published by request. Boston, 1850. 8vo. pp. 50.

A Sermon on Immortal Life, &c., &c. By Theodore Parker, &c., &c., second edition. Boston, 1850. 1vo. pp. 32.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Young Men's Library Association, of Cincinnati. January 2, 1850. Cincinnati, 1850. 8vo. pp. 24.

Association for the Relief of aged indigent Females, incorporated April 30th, 1849, organized October 17th, 1850. Boston, 1850. 12mo. pp. 13.

Address delivered at the colored Department of the House of Refuge, by Hon. William Kelley, on December 31st, 1849, &c., &c. Philadelphia, 1850. 8vo. pp. 24. [This address shows that an effort is making in Philadelphia also, to take children from the streets and educate them for useful citizens, not leaving them to the vengeance of the jail.]

Tea and the Tea Trade. Parts I and II., as published in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. By Gideon Nye, Jr., of Canton, China. New York, 1850. 8vo. pp. 27.

Singular Revelations. Explanations and History of the mysterious Communion with Spirits comprehending the Rise and Progress of the mysterious Noises in western New York, generally received as spiritual Communications. Auburn, N. Y., 1850. 8vo. pp. 81.

A Discourse delivered January 1, 1850, upon the fiftieth Anniversary of his Ordination as Pastor of the First Church in Plymouth. By James Kendall. Plymouth, 1850. 8vo. pp. 24.